

-THREE-PENCE-

The LUDGATE MONTHLY



Contributions
BY
General MITCHELL,
F. E. WEATHERLY,
Davenport Adams,
ANNIE THOMAS,
etc., etc.,
and Gavotte by
H. P. Richardson.

104 ILLUSTRATIONS



No. 5, Vol. 1.

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LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

September, 1891.

FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

Prevents the Decay of the Teeth.

RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

Removes all Traces of Tobacco Smoke.

Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

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Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

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HAIR PRODUCER

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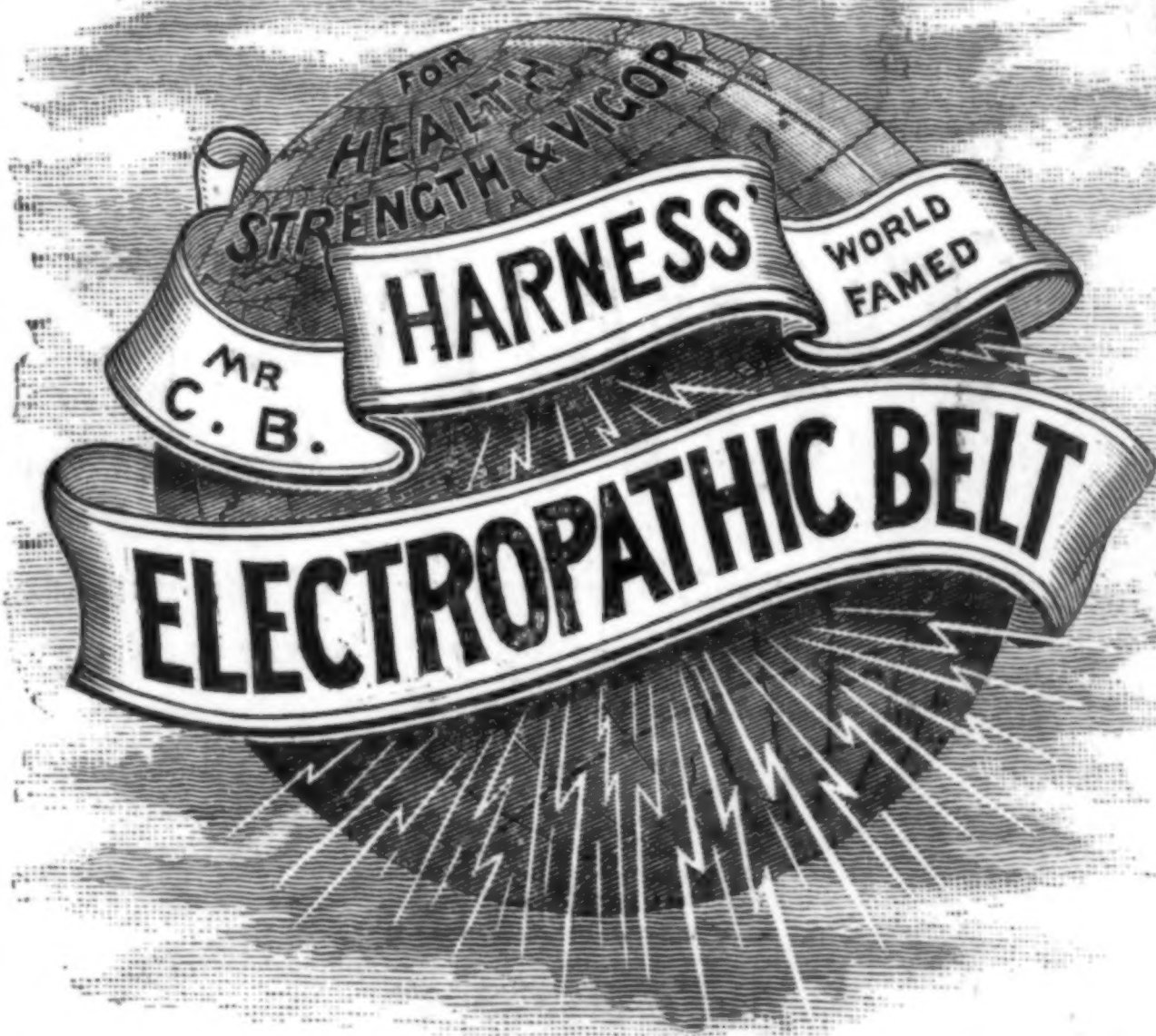
Special Offer to Readers of THE LUDGATE MONTHLY.

A 5s. 6d. TRIAL BOTTLE FOR 3s.

We bind ourselves to send to any reader of THE LUDGATE MONTHLY who sends us this Coupon, with a Postal Order for 3s., and 6d. to cover postage, package, etc., one regular 5s. 6d. Bottle of Edwards' Instantaneous HARLENE, provided it is ordered within one month from date of Coupon. We make this offer solely for the purpose of making our specialité more widely known, without expending enormous sums in advertising. Feeling sure that once having tried HARLENE you will never give up its use for any other preparation. By this offer the public reap the benefit. Address all orders with Coupon. Dated September 1st, 1891.

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C O U P O N .



Harness' Electropathic Belts are very comfortable to wear, and the mild continuous currents of electricity which they imperceptibly generate naturally and speedily invigorate the debilitated Constitution, assist digestion and assimilation, giving strength to every nerve and muscle of the body, and effectively preventing chills and rheumatic pains, which so many people are, unfortunately, subject to in this country, where the climate is so changeable. It seems, and is, a simple remedy; but it is as sure as it is simple, and the number of unsolicited testimonials we have received from all classes of society amply prove that we do not exaggerate when we say that **Harness' Electropathic Belts** have completely cured thousands of men and women in all parts of the world, most of whom had obtained no relief from medicine, and many of them had been pronounced by their family doctors as positively "incurable."

MEN'S SUFFERINGS.

MEN to whom life is a burden, who have lost hope, and have resigned themselves to an existence of secret misery and silent suffering, should know that peace of mind and body is still within their reach, and all the distressing symptoms of impaired vitality and lost vigour may yet be overcome if they will stop taking poisonous "pick-me-ups" and quack medicines, and adopt Mr. Harness's world-famed Electropathic treatment. During the past ten years this safe, pleasant, and rational method of cure has given new life and vigour to thousands of men whose obstinate cases had been pronounced by the faculty as "perfectly hopeless." All therefore who are in search of health are invited to call without delay at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street (at the corner of Rathbone Place), London, W., where the President, Mr. C. B. Harness, and the other officers of the Medical Battery Company (Limited), may be consulted without charge, either personally or by letter. Experience having taught them that, in the treatment of intricate and obscure affections—often of a most private character—nervous delicacy has prevented some of their patients from giving full information regarding their symptoms and past habits, the Company urgently recommend those seeking the advice of their consulting officers to describe their cases freely and without reserve. All communications are, of course, regarded as strictly private and confidential. There are at the present moment many members of the English nobility, as well as naval and military officers, wealthy merchants, and others who gratefully bless the day they discarded prejudice and placed themselves under the care of the experienced medical electricians and trained operators of the Electropathic and Zander Institute, whose skill has transformed many a debilitated man from a miserable, morbid invalid, into a healthy, vigorous member of society. Gentlemen who are anxious to enjoy the many pleasures which come within the reach of the upper classes, but which can only be appreciated when accompanied by the greatest of all blessings—health of mind and body—should call to-day, if possible, or write at once, for a descriptive illustrated pamphlet and book of testimonials. The Company's only address is the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W., which is the largest electro-medical establishment in the world.



FAMILY PLATE.—A titled lady, direct ancestor of William the Conqueror, being in distressed circumstances, wishes to dispose of the last of the family plate on satisfactory terms.—Apply to Her Grace, 6, Lodging-house Row, London, W.C.

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The PUBLIC are CAUTIONED that packages of the genuine powder bear the autograph of THOMAS KEATING.

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A PRIVATE GENTLEMAN is willing to advance money, at most reasonable rates of interest, to noblemen and gentlemen. No fees, no security required. Address: Moses Moneybag, Esq., 89A, Old Jewry, London, E.C.



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Black 1s. extra.

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NINE FIRST MEDALS.

If your Draper cannot supply you write direct to 49, OLD BAILEY, LONDON, giving size, and enclosing P.O.O., and the Corset will at once be sent you.

W. S. THOMSON & CO., LTD., MANUFACTURERS.

Made in Lengths, 13, 14, and 15 inch.

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(EXTRA-CONCENTRATED).

"It is the daintiest and most delicious of perfumes, and in a few months has superseded all others in the boudoirs of the grandes dames of London, Paris, and New York."—*The Argonaut*.

300,000 BOTTLES SOLD LAST YEAR.

Made only by the

CROWN PERFUMERY CO., 177, New Bond St., W.

Sold Everywhere.

A GOOD HEAD OF HAIR



Is a charming and necessary addition to every person, no matter in what rank of Society they are in. How to get and keep it has often puzzled many, and the nostrums so largely advertised now, only tend to make them disgusted after use. **BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS** has been before the public in America for over 100 years, and, to-day, has the largest sale of any preparation of its kind in the world. There is not a civilised country where it cannot be found, not through advertising, but simply by recommendation from those who have tried and approved of it. With regular use

**IT IS ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED TO
MAKE THE HAIR THICK, LUXURIANT, AND GLOSSY.**

TO PREVENT THE HAIR FALLING OUT.

TO REMOVE DANDRIF AND SCURF.

**IT WILL PREVENT AND CURE
BALDNESS,**

THE HAIR GETTING THIN,

ALL SCALP DISEASES.



TO REACH THE COLOSSAL SALES

OF 3,000 BOTTLES PER DAY, the Preparation must have some merit, and if further proof were required to certify to this, it is only necessary to say that scores of testimonials have been received from every country under the sun.



Prof. Barry's Tricopherous was not a discovery of chance, but the result of long and laborious scientific investigation. He began at the beginning and worked up step by step until he accurately ascertained the component parts of the hair structure. This enabled him to compound a chemical equivalent, which, if applied to the scalp according to directions will not only prevent the hair from falling out, but will, when it has fallen out, supply with mathematical exactness, that with which nature at first fostered its growth, and thereby cause it again to sprout up and grow with just as much certainty as that seeds cast into the ground will, in due time, produce a crop of their kind.

From the COUNTESS of ELGIN.

Government House, Quebec.

To PROFESSOR BARRY.

DEAR SIR,—I am instructed by the Countess of Elgin, now in Scotland, to request you to send her, per Canada Express, four boxes of your **Barry's Tricopherous for the Hair**, with the view of its being sent to England with the Earl of Elgin's other effects. As his Lordship's stay here may be short, please forward it at your earliest convenience. Lady Elgin also desires me to enquire if you have an agent in Britain for the sale of your **Tricopherous**, as her Ladyship and family connections highly approve of it.

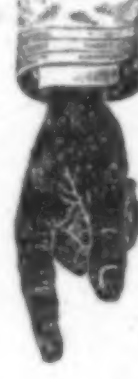
I am, DEAR SIR, &c.,

AL. MCEWAN,

Secretary to his Excellency the Earl of Elgin.

TO ENSURE ITS HAVING A FAIR TRIAL

We are prepared to send, post free, to everyone cutting out and forwarding the Coupon at foot, within two months from this date, a 3/- Bottle for 2/-, or 3 bottles for 5/9, on receipt of Stamps or Postal Order. Nothing can be fairer than this offer, and we are equally confident that having once used it no lady will have any other.



This Coupon entitles holder to one 3/- bottle of BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS, post-free for 2/-, providing it is received within two months of this date—August, 1891.

"THE BARCLAY COMPANY," 15, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.

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GENERAL SERVANT WANTED. Duties light and easy. Small family. Happy home. One preferred who thinks more of Christian harmony than of high wages. Address: Mrs. Quiverfull, Peace Villa, Surburban Road, S.E.

AS GOOD AS GOLD.

Brandreth's Sugar Coated Pills

SAMPLE BOX 2d., FROM
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HAVE YOU BUNIONS OR ENLARGED TOE JOINTS?

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ALLCOCK'S
BUNION PLASTERS.

They give EASE AT ONCE, and are far superior to any remedy of a similar kind.

Ask your Chemist for them, or send 1s. 1½d. in stamps to
 22, HAMILTON SQUARE, BIRKENHEAD.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

Come all ye jolly land-lubbers, just listen unto me,
A yarn I'll tell ye of a trip I've just had out to sea
On board a craft as trim and taut as ever clap't on sail,
She bounded like a living thing before the rising gale.
A storm came on quite suddenly, and soon the raging main
Was fairly mad, waves mountains high whirled round the "Betsy Jane,"
Our skipper soon began to look as solemn as a pope;
For we'd a precious freight aboard of Frazer's Toilet Soap.

The wind did blow, tossed to and fro, our barque was like a toy,
When all at once we heard a shout of "Hi! There! Ship ahoy!"
A queerish fog-horn sort of voice, and just then, strange to tell,
The storm calmed down, while every man could sniff a fishy smell;
Again that shout, we looked about, but could'n't see no craft,
No ship or boat of any kind; we thought we'd all gone "daft,"
When from our port side came a cry "Hi! Sling me down a rope,
I want to see the Cap'en 'bout some Frazer's Toilet Soap."

A creepy kind of feeling came upon the vessel's crew,
For something supernatural was a going to meet our view,
A figure strange and sturdy then jumped plump upon the deck,
A battered, weird old veteran, with sea-weed round his neck.
He shook himself like some wet dog, then stroked his grizzly beard,
Then laughing roared: "Don't look like that, you all seem mighty skeered.
I'm Father Neptune! Now you know—I don't intrude, I hope,
I understand you have on board some Frazer's Toilet Soap."

The queer old fish then laughed and said: "Why, skipper, you sly dog,
Why don't you offer me a pipe—a leetle drop of grog?
I've got a touch of Rheumatiz through lending my old gamp,
My spirits have gone very low, my 'baccy's very damp.
But that can wait while I relate about my daughters' woe,
Like other girls they've lost their hearts and each one has a Beau,
They want to beautify themselves, but there they sit and mope,
The only thing to bring them joy is Frazer's Toilet Soap."

"It is no use a palming off some imitation stuff,
That's what has riled our mermaid folk, they've tried them quite enough.
In fact, my girls can't titivate as should such scaly Belles,
For their sweethearts, though but Tritons, are reg'lar ocean swells."
Then up our skipper to him spoke, says he: "Pray, just inform
Me if 'twas you that roused the sea and caused that lively storm?"
Says Neptune: "T'was the missus, sir; with 'Amphy' I can't cope,
The only thing to calm her down is Frazer's Toilet Soap."

Our Cap'en says: "Look here, old boy, a favour you must grant
Before I lift the hatches up to give you what you want,
Just promise us fine weather now, until we get ashore."
Old Neptune took a solemn oath—he most distinctly swore.
The skipper gave his orders out, we hoisted overboard
A rare good stock, old Nep was pleased, with joy he laughed and roared,
Plunged in the sea, then vulgarly cried out: "Boys, I must slope,
I'll keep my word, as good as gold, like Frazer's Toilet Soap."

We had fair weather after that, our sails we kept unfurled.
And found that Frazer's Soap was famed and used all o'er the world,
Where 'ere we went, from north to south, aye, lads, from east to west,
Each race, each creed were all agreed that Frazer's was the best.
And now I've told my simple tale, each word is strictly true,
But if ye doubt me, then, for proof, ask any of our crew,
You'll know the men for they are all armed with a telescope
To spy out anyone that don't use Frazer's Toilet Soap.

Frazer's Soap (Toilet) in White Cartons, price 6d.

Frazer's Soap (Sulphur) in Green Cartons, price 6d.

HUTTON'S IRISH LINEN



1 dozen
Genuine Irish Cambric
POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS,
Post free for 2/6.

Send P.O. or Stamps to
G. R. HUTTON & Co., Larne, Ireland.



**BARRY'S
PEARL
CREAM**
for the
COMPLEXION

Imparts to the darkest skin a clear, natural white tinged with the faintest rose-blush. Speedily removes Wrinkles, Freckles, Sun-burn and Tan, and mantles the faded cheek with youthful bloom and beauty. If not obtainable of your Chemist send P.O. or stamps for 2/9 to "THE BARCLAY COMPANY," 15, St. Bride Street, London, E.C., and a bottle will be sent per return of post.

This preparation is guaranteed to contain no injurious ingredients, and therefore may be used with perfect safety. It is beautifully perfumed and is sure to give satisfaction. **BARRY'S PEARL CREAM** is most efficacious in softening the skin and preventing its chapping, and in removing irritation arising from changes of weather. Be sure the name "BARCLAY & CO., New York" is on every bottle.

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J. C. & J. FIELD, Ltd., LAMBETH, S.E.



GOING ABROAD.—A Gentleman, going abroad immediately, wishes to dispose of his grand piano for £3 10s. No reasonable offer refused.

AWARD OF PRIZES. JULY WORD COMPETITION.

1. William Dale Sumner, Surgeon, 30, Dale End, Birmingham, is the winner of the First Prize, "Rome," a handsome illustrated volume, value £2 2s.
2. E. Collins, 131, Mercer's Road, Tufnell Park, N., "Life in Asiatic Turkey," by E. J. Davis, value £1 1s.
3. W. B. Whitelaw, 1, Annsville, North Circular Road, Dublin, "Greek Life and Scenery," value 15s.
4. J. McCorquodale, 14, New Inn Entry, Dundee, will receive Gowan's "Edinburgh," value 12s. 6d.
5. Mary Champness, "Joyful News Home," Rochdale, Dalziel's "Goldsmith," value 10s. 6d.
6. H. J. Tissington, 102, Shaftesbury Rd., Crouch Hill, London, N., "Bandobast," by Col. Larking, value 10s. 6d.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN JULY NUMBER.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. To keep his head warm. 2. When he's a shaving, or aboard, etc. 3. 23 eggs. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 4. A draught (draft). 5. A bee-hive is a bee-holder; a beholder is a spectator; and a speck'd tatur is a bad potato. |
|---|---|

WINNERS OF PRIZES.

Many persons tied for first place, and the Competition Editor awarded the three 3-vol. Novels to—

Margaret S. Elder, 7, St. Vincent Street, Edinburgh.
S. W. Soden, Bushey Station, Herts.

V. S. Broad, Preston House, Lewes, Sussex.

And the three two-volume novels to—

H. E. Andrews, 63, London Street, Reading.
R. Daman, 22, Harbour Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

Ernestine Bourne, Acton Lodge, Beckenham.

JULY CRICKET COMPETITION.

The following is the list of Cricketers with the totals of runs made in July:—

1. Bean, Sussex ... 473	6. L. Palatret, Soms. ... 201	11. Marlow, Sussex ... 234	16. Newham, Sussex ... 201
2. Gunn, Notts ... 435	7. Abel, Surrey ... 269	12. Hall, Yorks. ... 231	17. Lord Hawke, Yks. 214
3. Shrewsbury, Notts ... 394	8. A. E. Stoddart, Midx. 260	13. Ulyett, do. ... 223	18. W. W. Pullen, Glos. 184
4. O. G. Radcliffe, Glos. 369	9. A. Smith, Lancs. ... 251	14. A. Ward, Lancs. ... 222	19. Humphreys, Sussex 176
5. F. Marchant, Kent ... 322	10. C. J. M. Fox, Kent... 241	15. Flowers, Notts ... 218	20. A. Hearne, Kent ... 175

The Winner of the Gold Watch will be published in our next.

RIDDLE COMPETITION.

Three three-volume and two two-volume Novels as prizes.

1. What is the noisiest of vowels, and why?
2. Why is the vine at Hampton Court like a soldier?
3. Why is a mail cart like a successful candidate in a Civil Service examination?
4. When is a lover like a tailor?
5. When has a doctor's patient a perfect right to growl?
6. Why do the Irish make better sailors than the Welsh?

SIX TWO-VOLUME NOVELS

Will be given to the competitors, who, on a postcard, give the **LONGEST WORD** which has only one of each letter in it. If there are two A's or B's, etc., the word will not do. In case of ties the Competition Editor will decide by the handwriting, which should be good.

The Competitions close on the 15th September, decision in the November number. In case of ties the Competition Editor will award the prize to the competitor whose hand-writing is best. Upon all points the Competition Editor's decision will be final. ADDRESS:—

The Competition Editor—"Ludgate Monthly" Offices, 4 & 5, Creed Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

PRIZES FOR FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

The Proprietors of "The Ludgate Monthly" are desirous of offering a Silver Cup, value 100 guineas, for competition among the clubs forming the Football Association (excluding the twelve clubs constituting the League). Assuming that eighty clubs competed in ten groups of eight each, as, for instance, as in 1889 (*vide* "Football Annual," 1889), the Proprietors of "The Ludgate Monthly" wish to offer nine other silver cups, duplicates in miniature of the original cup named above, each value 10 guineas, to the nine other clubs remaining in competition in the fourth round. The ten clubs remaining at the fourth round to play an out and home match amongst themselves; the winner of the final would take the 100-guinea Cup, and each of the nine others a 10-guinea Cup. The Proprietors of "The Ludgate Monthly" also propose to present a Gold Pencil Case to each member of the team winning the 100-guinea Cup, as a souvenir of their victory. "The Ludgate Monthly" will contain an article in the October number by a well known authority on the game, on football generally, with portraits.

We are desirous of now preliminarily ascertaining what clubs will co-operate with us in furtherance of the competition named.

The Cups will be manufactured by J. W. Benson, of Ludgate Hill, London, and are an absolute gift to the winning clubs, and not merely held in trust for another season.



OUR CELEBRATED LETTER COMPETITIONS.—Anyone giving correct solution of the following letters, L O O P A A M I, will receive £50; if more than 54 guess correctly, prize will be equally divided. Enclose entrance fee, 10s., to "Bee," The Crescent, Humbug Town, N.



MATRIMONIAL.—A Young Girl, fair, features *petite*, about 19, wants a good, steady husband; looks no object; dark preferred; must have small income. Address:—Miss Lavinia Love, Post Office, Margate.

CLOTHED WITH AIR.

CELLULAR CLOTH is composed of small cells, in which the air is enclosed and warmed by the heat of the body. A perfect non-conducting layer is thus formed next the skin. Owing to the *Cellular* construction this cloth is much lighter and better ventilated than ordinary fabric, and is easier to wash. *Cellular* cloth is made in cotton, silk, silk and cotton, and merino.

**CELLULAR DRESS AND DAY SHIRTS.
CELLULAR NIGHT SHIRTS.
CELLULAR PYJAMAS.
CELLULAR VESTS AND PANTS.
CELLULAR UNDERWEAR FOR LADIES.
CELLULAR CORSETS.**

Illustrated price list, with names of 160 country agents, sent post free on application. A complete assortment of Stock at

**OLIVER BROS., 417, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.
ROBERT SCOTT, 14 & 15, POULTRY, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.**

AT ALL BOOK-SELLERS.

OLD COLONIALS.

Stories of Colonial Life and Manners.

Price 2s.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.



If
Love
rules Court,
and Camp, and
Grove,
And Health, again, crowns
rosy Love,
Then BEECHAM'S PILLS, it
must befall,
By ruling Health,
will rule us all.

WORTH A GUINEA A
BOX.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
ST. HELENS
ENGLAND

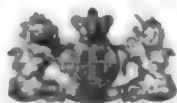
Prepared only, and sold Wholesale, by the Proprietor, THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere, in Boxes, 9½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each. Full directions with each box.

WM. POLSON'S CORN FLOUR.

The ORIGINAL and FIRST MANUFACTURED in GREAT BRITAIN.

Manufacturer by Special
Appointment to



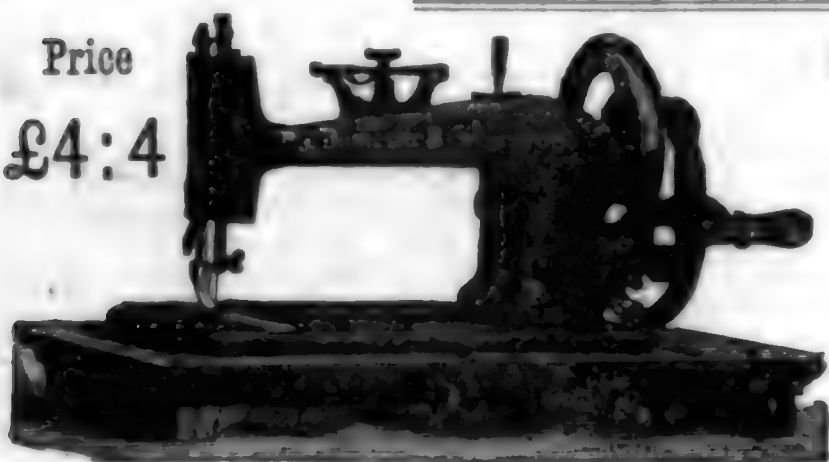
HER MAJESTY THE
QUEEN.

USED IN THE QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD FOR MANY YEARS.

WM. POLSON & CO.,
PAISLEY AND LONDON.

THE AMERICAN 'DOMESTIC' HAND SEWING MACHINE.

Price
£4:4



Self-Setting Needles. Self-Adjusting Tensions. Powerful Feed. Plenty of Room under Arm and Presser Foot. Adjustable Shuttle, entirely Self-Threading. Very Large Bobbins, holding upwards of Fifty yards of Cotton. Loose Pulley for Winding Bobbin.

PRICE £4 : 4

Nickel Plated and Ornamented, and complete with Cover and the following accessories:—

12 Needles, 3 Hemmers, Quilter, 6 Bobbins, Guide and Screw, Oil Can (full of Oil), Screw Driver, and Instruction Book. Special Packing Box, 2/- . Table and Stand for above, 32/- ; with 2 Side Drawers, 44/6.

Liberal Discount for Cash. Write for fuller Particulars and Prospectus of our other styles.

AMERICAN DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE CO., ST. BRIDE ST., LONDON, E.C.





THE LUDGATE MONTHLY.

Contents.

	PAGE.
FRONTISPIECE - - - - -	258
By A. J. WALL.	
HAMPTON COURT - - - - -	259
By DAVENPORT ADAMS. <i>Illustrated by C. R. B. BARRETT.</i>	
BERMUDA - - - - -	264
By General MITCHELL. <i>Illustrated by photographs by JOHN A. FRITH, Bermuda.</i>	
THE CUP OF OBLIVION - - - - -	269
By Sir GILBERT CAMPBELL, Bart. <i>Illustrated by E. WARD.</i>	
LORD'S - - - - -	274
By PERCY CROSS STANDING. <i>Illustrated by Photographs taken by L. HAWKINS & SON, of Brighton.</i>	
MASHONALAND - - - - -	280
By F. E. HARMAN. <i>Illustrated from photographs.</i>	
A LIFE'S HISTORY - - - - -	288
By PHILIP MAY. <i>Illustrated by B. LE FANU.</i>	
ALTERED - - - - -	293
By ANNIE THOMAS. <i>Illustrated by E. ROBINSON.</i>	
THE FIRST TIME OF ASKING - - - - -	299
Poem, by F. C. WEATHERLY.	
A RAT'S ROMANCE - - - - -	300
By PERCY GRAHAM. <i>Illustrated by E. FULLER.</i>	
FOR KING AND FATHERLAND - - - - -	304
By JOHN AUGUSTUS O'SHEA. <i>Illustrated by A. HITCHCOCK.</i>	
CAN YOU FORGET? - - - - -	311
Poem, by EDITH PRINCE. <i>Illustrated by F. PRINCE.</i>	
GERMAN HOME LIFE - - - - -	312
By the EDITOR. <i>Illustrated by E. SHERIE.</i>	
THE "LUDGATE" GAVOTTE - - - - -	318
By H. P. RICHARDSON.	

Our offer to FOOTBALL PLAYERS, COMPETITIONS, LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS, see
Advertisement Page No. xi.



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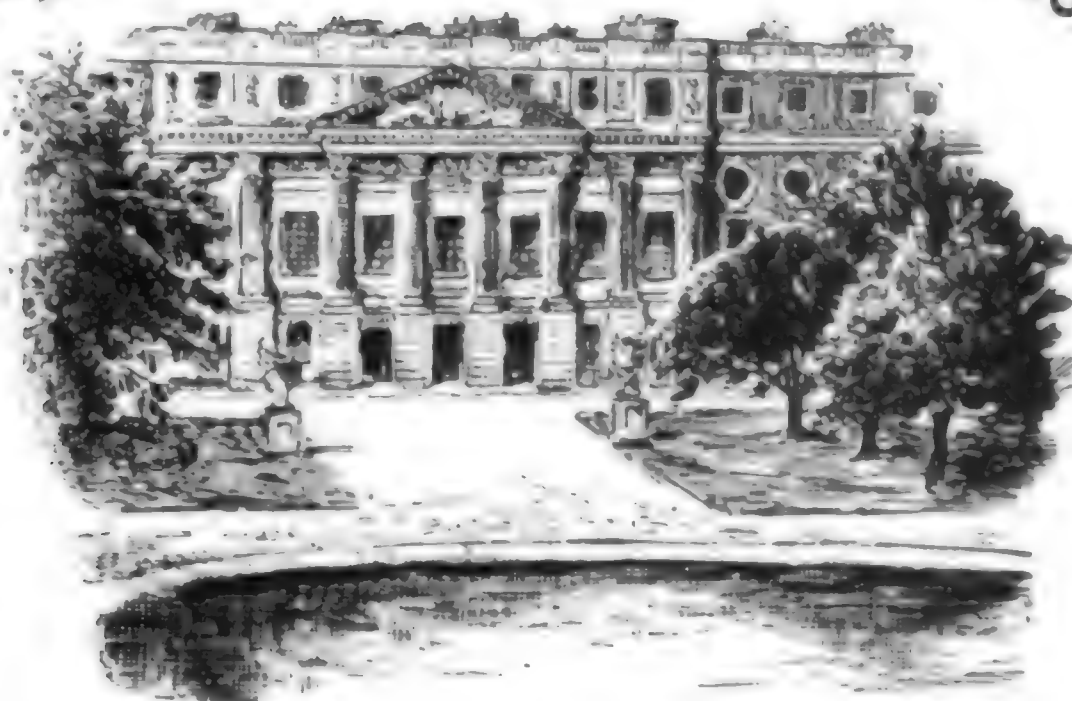
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LOOKING TO THE CLOCK TOWER.

WOLSEY, in the full-blown summer of his pride and prosperity, erected the palace which excited so much envy and undoubtedly contributed to his fall. Whatever else may be said of the Cardinal, he was a man of grand ideas. He nothing common did nor mean upon the stage which witnessed the chequered drama of his fortunes. If he built a palace, it was worthy of czar or king, with lofty hall and gorgeous chapel; great waiting-chambers, hung with rich arras; and "chambers of presence," adorned with "very rich tapestry" and "sumptuous cloth of estate." If he gave a banquet, it was a banquet worthy of the palace, with "gold and silver plate," and tall, branching candlesticks of "silver and gilt" in which "pearchers of wax" flamed broadly; with a flourish of trumpets to summon the guests, who sat down to a feast ordered with such abundance, "both costly and full of subtleties, with such a pleasant noise of divers instruments of music, that they were rapt into a heavenly paradise." His policy was conceived in a lofty spirit; and I think that, on the whole, he served his king



THE GREAT HALL.

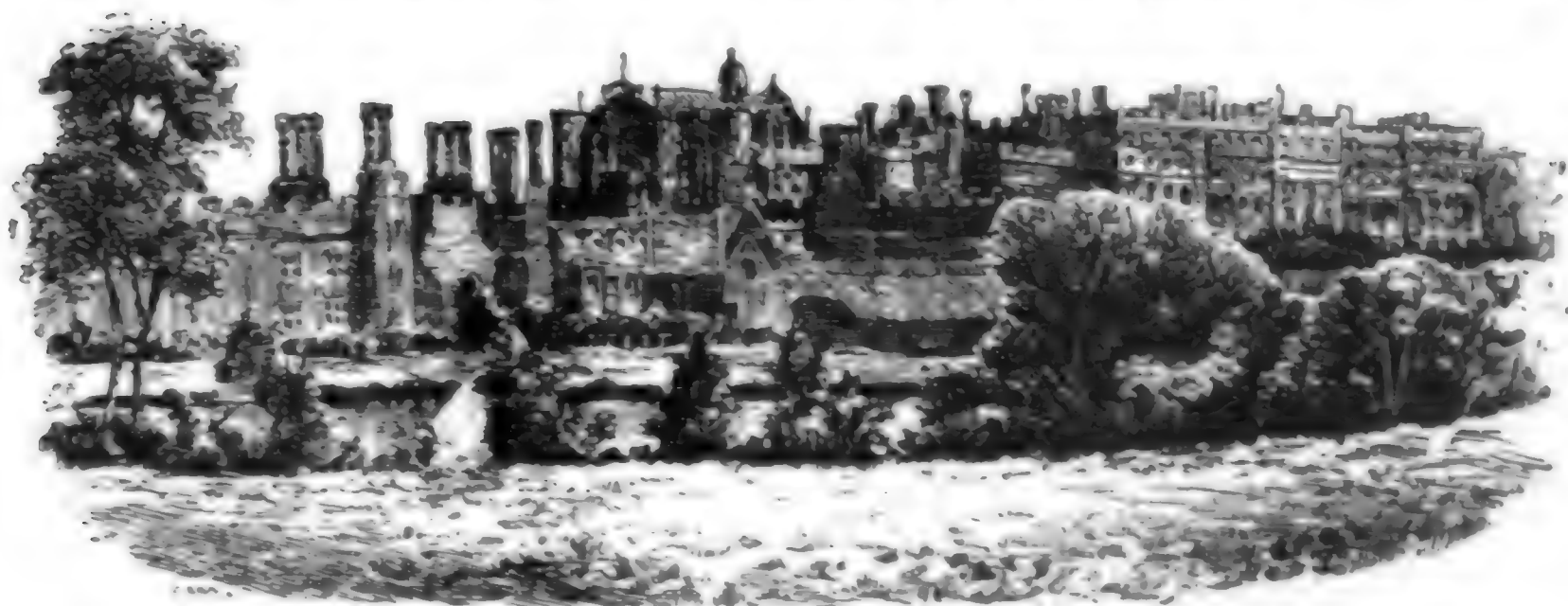
and country like a great statesman. There is scarcely a more pathetic chapter in our history than that which tells of his decline and fall. To rise so high, and then to sink so low! Ah, the pity of it! Better, surely, to have died like More upon Tower Hill, than to have made an end, which not even the genius of Shakespeare has been able to dignify.

Everybody knows that to propitiate his jealous master Wolsey gave up his palace in 1526. Henry took to it kindly, making it his frequent residence. Was it not a significant illustration of the irony of life that it was here Henry learned from Cavendish, that type of faithful service, the news of Wolsey's death! The king was shooting at the target, and not till his game was ended would he listen to Cavendish's errand. Here, too, for a brief while, the sleek beauty of Anne Boleyn was the cynosure of all eyes. Here Edward VI. was born, and here, twelve days afterwards, died his mother, Queen Jane Seymour. Here Henry took to him-

self the wife of his declining years, in the person of the shrewd widow, Catherine Parr; and here—a tenderer reminiscence—the poet Earl of Surrey first saw, and loved, the “peerless Geraldine.”

Henry extended the palace-grounds into “a goodly, sumptuous, and beautiful demesne, seizing upon several of the adjacent parishes,—the whole being surrounded by a wooden fence, and well-stocked with deer. In the following reign, at the petition of villagers, the “Honour of Hampton” was “dechased,” and the people got their own again. Queen Mary, whom tradition brands with a notorious epithet, spent here, with her morose husband, the first few months of her wedded life,—a life so miserable that one is moved to forgive the bigoted, narrow-hearted sovereign for the sake of the loving, unhappy, and much abused woman.

It was at Hampton Court that Elizabeth was admitted to an interview with her jealous, royal sister, and kneeling at her feet declared herself a true and faithful subject. Meanwhile, Philip stood hidden behind the tapestry, ready, it has been suggested, to have interfered, if the Queen's anger threatened violence; but may it not rather have been to catch a glimpse of his comely sister-in-law? Mr. Froude has described this curious incident with his most picturesque touches, and also the following Christmas festivities, when Elizabeth must have looked passing well, “in a robe of white satin, strung all over with pearls.” When she came to the throne, she removed her Court to Greenwich, but occasionally visited Hampton. She was sick of the small-pox there in 1572; she held her Christmas gaieties there in 1568, 1572, 1575, and 1593; and it was at Hampton Court that the Regent Murray placed before her the mysterious casket, containing the letters and verses which implicated Mary, Queen of Scots, in the murder of Darnley.



VIEW OF THE PALACE FROM THE RAILWAY STATION.

The celebrated Hampton Court Conference, between the representatives of the Episcopal Church and the Presbyterians, took place in 1604; and James I announced, at the close, his resolve to have but one doctrine, one discipline, one religion, in substance and ceremony, throughout his realm, whereat, in a rapture of loyalty the Bishop of London fell on his knees, protesting that his heart melted with joy that Almighty God, of His singular mercy, hath given us such a king, as, since Christ's time, the like hath not been, while the Archbishop capped him with the declaration: "Undoubtedly your Majesty speaks by the special assistance of God's spirit." The best result of this Conference was the Authorised Version of the Bible; the worst, the bitter feud between Churchmen and Nonconformists, which prevails even to this day.

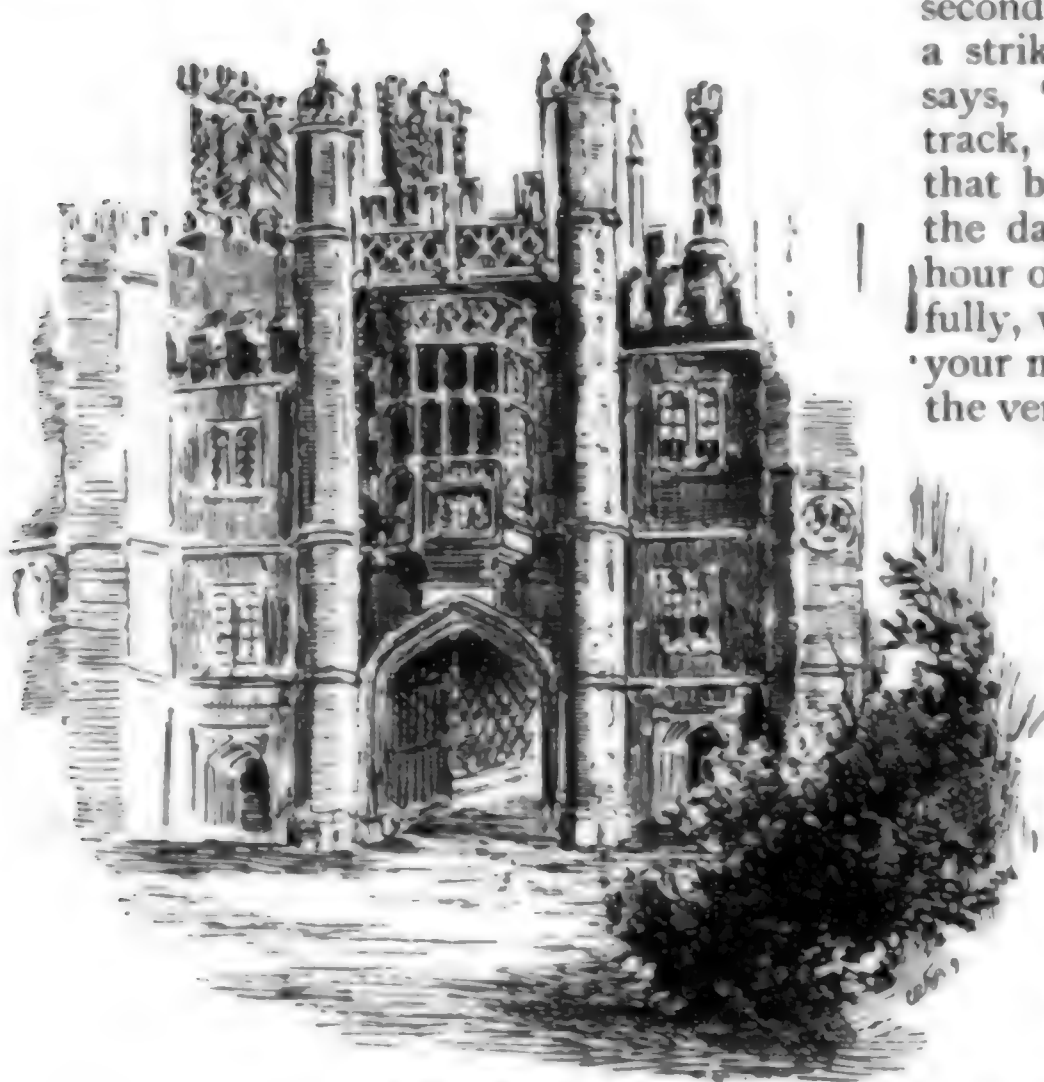
Hampton Court found favour in the eyes of Charles I., and many works of art were added to its treasures by his well-directed generosity. In January, 1642, he was here as master for the last time; in August, 1647, he returned as a prisoner. Cromwell liked it well, choosing it as one of his principal residences; here his daughter, Elizabeth, was married to Lord Falconbridge, November 18th, 1647, and here the light of his life went out on the death of his daughter, Lady Claypole, August 6th, 1668.

After his marriage, Charles II conveyed his wife to Hampton, and here Evelyn saw her sitting at dinner and supper in the plenitude of royal dignity. It recommended itself to William III, owing to its amenity of situation. He undertook the recon-

struction of the building, commissioning Sir Christopher Wren to erect a suite of State apartments not inferior to those at Versailles, while he enlarged and remodelled the grounds and gardens after the Dutch style. Though he was compelled by the manners of the Londoners to remove to Kensington as his principal residence, he paid frequent visits to his riverside palace; and it was while riding in its park that the accident befell him which terminated in his death, on the 17th of March, 1702. Marlborough and his



THE FOUNTAIN COURT.



GATEWAY OF WEST FRONT.

imperious wife, Godolphin, Halifax, Mrs. Masham, and many other historic figures have connected themselves with the Hampton Court of Queen Anne.

During the reigns of the first two Georges it preserved its regal character, and through its corridors and chambers paced the celebrities of the time. George I endeavoured to infuse a little life into this formal course of things by commanding some dramatic performances, but court etiquette seems to have exercised a deadening effect upon both the actors and the auditors, who met on these occasions in the Great Hall. "At court," says Colley Cibber, "when the prince gives the treat, and honours the table with his own presence, the audience is under the restraint of a circle where laughter or applause raised higher than a whisper would be stared at."

Of court life in the reign of that dapper little monarch, the

second George, Lord Hervey has etched a striking picture. "No mill-horse," he says, "ever went in a more constant track, or a more unchanging circle, so that by the assistance of an almanack for the day of the week, and a watch for the hour of the day, you may inform yourself fully, without any other intelligence but your memory, of every transaction within the verge of the court. Walking, chaises, levies, and audiences fill the morning; at night the king plays at commerce or backgammon, and the queen at quadrille, when poor Lady Charlotte runs her usual nightly gauntlet—the queen pulling her hood, Mr. Schutz sputtering in her face, and the Princess Royal rapping her knuckles all at a time. The Duke of Grafton takes his nightly opiate of lottery, and sleeps as usual between the Princesses Amelia and Caroline; Lord Grantham strolls from room to room (as Dryden says, "like

some discontented ghost that oft appears and is forbid to speak)," and stirs himself about as people stir a fire, not with any design, but to make it burn brisker, which his lordship constantly does to no purpose, and yet this as constantly as if it had ever once succeeded. At last the king comes up, the pool finishes, and everybody has their dismissal. And thus the evening and the morning make the day."

Hampton Court, as built by Wolsey, consisted of five great courts, or quadrangles, surrounded by public and private rooms. Henry VIII added the present chapel, or great Hall, and the palace then underwent little modification until 1690,

when William III commissioned Sir Christopher Wren to construct a new suite of state apartments, more in harmony with the taste of the day, than the sombre Tudor rooms. Wren pulled down two of the ancient Courts, transformed a third, and erected the long



THE LONG WATER

uniform façades of semi-classic design, stately and impressive, towards the garden and the river. The former measures about 330 feet, and the latter 310 feet in length.

Henry VIII's Great Hall, dating from 1536, is of truly magnificent proportions, being 106 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 60 feet high. Some years ago it was well restored, and painted glass by Williment, introduced into the windows. Few finer apartments are to be found in all England. The harmony of its different parts, the majestic sweep of its lofty, open roof, and its general character of dignity and grandeur, impress the imagination strongly. It is like a chapter taken out of an old chronicle. It recalls the romance of the *Renaissance*, the brighter and more picturesque side of the remote past. Involuntarily the visitor peoples it with the men and women of English history: with Henry VIII, his nobles and his courtiers; with young Edward and his tutors; with the Elizabethan wits and poets, statesmen and adventurers; with the grave Court of Charles I; with the gaiety of the second Charles, and his circle of gallants and beauties; forming so strange and striking a contrast to the great Lord Protector's household, and its somewhat sombre decorum.

From the second or clock court we ascend, by the king's staircase, over the walls and ceiling of which spread Verrio's florid allegories, to the long series of the state apartments, which occupy the building erected by Wren for William III, extending along the river and garden fronts, and on two sides of the fountain court. They are most of them wainscoted with oak. Around the panels and over many of the doorways may be seen some of that wonderful wood-carving by Grinling Gibbons, in which fruit, flowers, and foliage are represented

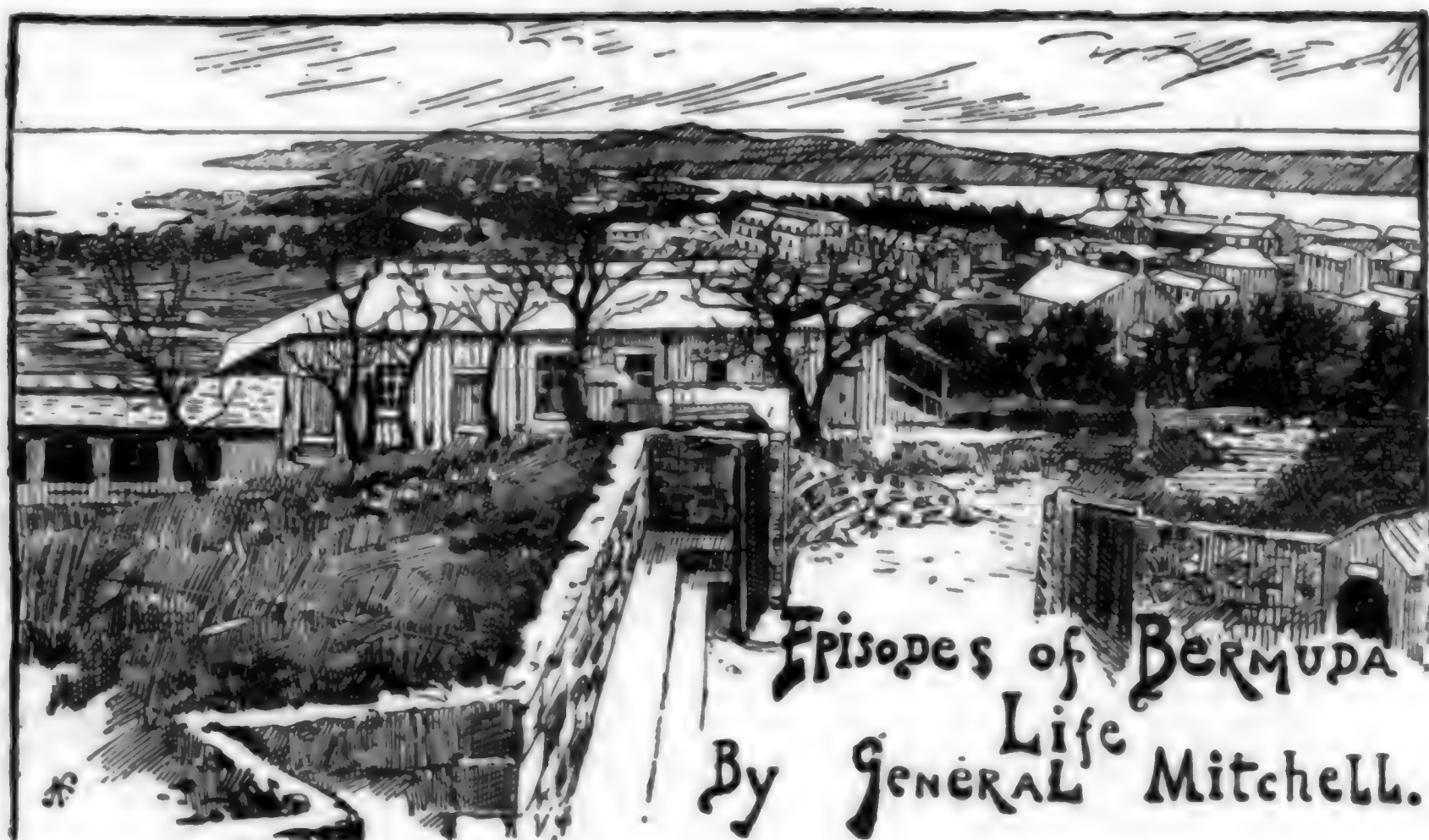
with a truthfulness and delicacy that have never been surpassed. Others contain articles of upholstery dating from the time of William III, Anne, and George I. All are hung with pictures—a thousand or so in number—good, bad, and indifferent. Opening one beyond the other in a succession apparently as interminable as the line of Banquo, they leave upon the mind of the visitor a confused and bewildering impression. There are king's drawing-rooms and queen's drawing-rooms, king's bedchambers and queen's bedchambers, king's closets and queen's closets, besides audience chambers, and Heaven knows what else. To describe them is impossible in my confined space.

The beautiful Gardens—where Castlemaine and Nell Gwyn, Lady Middleton and Miss Pitt, the handsome Gunnings, Molly Lepel and the fair Bellenden have, in different generations, aired their beauty—extent from Bushey Park to the river.

One cannot fail to be delighted with the cool shadows thrown by the stately trees, by the "pleached alleys," and the groves of beech, by the long breadths of green sward, the blooming parterres, and the shimmer of leaping fountains.



QUEEN MARY'S WALK.



THE Bermudas, or Somers Islands—alike a Colony, our Gibraltar of the west, our Royal Dockyard in mid-ocean, and, until recently, the home of a battalion of our Guards, possess special features of interest. "My sojourn upon these islands, in that eternal spring, which here enamels everything, among such a frank and genial people, will, I assure you, be ever gratefully remembered by me," are the words of H.R.H. the Princess Louise, who thus replied to the address of welcome by the Corporation of St. George's.

Our oldest British Colony, it is said to have been discovered in 1527, by Joay Bermudez, a Spaniard; but in later years, Admiral Sir George Somers, driven there by shipwreck, took possession of the archipelago on behalf of the reigning sovereign, King James I. The admiral died there, and the archipelago has ever since been called after him, or the original discoverer. The cluster, consisting of St. George's, Hamilton, Somerset, Walford, Boaj, and Ireland, and many smaller ones, are situated in latitude 32° (same as Madeira) and longitude 64°, extending in shepherd-crook like form from N.E. to S.W. All are connected by bridges, or causeways, except Somerset and Walford, where communication is kept up by a boat ferry. The extent of the cluster

is only 27 miles, and in no case does it exceed 1½ miles in width. "Our Guards" were stationed at St. George's and Hamilton. Somerset is rarely used for military purposes. Walford and Boaj (the site of the convict establishment from 1825 to 1863) are military stations, and troops are also quartered at Ireland, where lies the Royal Dockyard, and the celebrated Bermuda Floating Dock, towed from England in June, 1869, to enable the leviathans of the North American squadron to be docked and repaired "locally."

Its genial climate between November and March, with the thermometer ranging between 60° and 72°, and cool sea breezes, attracts, annually, a number of tourists and visitors, especially from America. It is said, however, that the "Guards" were not only a centre of attraction, but also the cause of "scarlet fever" among the ladies; whilst naval officers are said to be a cure for a fit of the "blues."

The North American Squadron generally arrives in November, and remains (with occasional cruising to the West Indies) till May, and in connection with Government House and the military messes, dispenses hospitality in many varied forms.

The Bermuda boats have a special and remarkable rig, they are long, rather narrow, deep in the water; and the mast, stepped well forward, so as to rake aft, with huge mainsail, gaff topsail, aided by a jib, enables the yacht to sail closely to the wind, and

to beat admirably. When running *before* the wind, huge square sails are carried. The "darkies" are excellent pilots, and there is great excitement during the regattas, held either in St. George's or Hamilton harbours, or in the Great Sound. There was a day, "long, long ago," when the writer, with some friends, left Bermuda stretching away in the back-ground, in a capital yacht, the "Victoria." We shaped our course for the well-known North Rock fishing ground, about 10 miles from the mainland. The day was admirable for seeing the coral reefs, shining like dark patches through the transparent, blue water, and the "soldier's wind" soon wafted us to the haven. We anchored off the unique rocky plateau, with its jagged pinnacles, about 15 feet above high water, and surrounded with mighty treasures of the deep, such as coloured sea fans, white brain coral, sea anemones, and many coloured sea-weeds, and branch coral. We had brought bait with us, so we soon captured finny monsters, such as porghy, grouper, rock-fish, &c., weighing from 15 to 40 lbs. each. The radiant sun-set flooded everything with a golden bath of fading and ever changing light ere we returned to our moorings in St. George's harbour.

The scenery through the islands is picturesque, though it lacks alpine grandness. The white houses, when seen from a distance, have been compared to "huge lumps of sugar," set in the dark belts of cedar trees, indigenous to the islands. Each

house has at least two rain-water tanks, as there are no springs in the islands; so the water is caught from the skies, and becomes, as a nigger remarked, "a cause of tankfulness." There are many beautiful walks along alleys of oleanders, palm trees, palmetto, and other tropical plants. A drive along the south shore, with its exquisite sea view, and round the Great or Harrington Sound, gives astonishing variety

and reveals many land-locked gems, lacking, it is true, "prairie continuity," but possessing rare charm.

The celebrated Walsingham Caves deserve a passing notice. They are natural caverns in the limestone formation, into which rain has penetrated through the roof holding the carbonate of lime in solution, and, after evaporation, the solid is deposited in the form of stalactites and stalagmites. When the caves are lighted up by Chinese or other artificial lights, a species of fairy-land effect is produced; and if a tourist slips while exploring, he (or she) is likely to get a bath in the dark waters which run through the caves.

Putting aside social engage-

ments, it is wonderful the numbers and the characters of the various objects of interest that the visitor will find. The summer garb of the islands—when the days are long and the moonlight nights free from mist—presents strange variety of tropical beauty, and the mild winters admit of excursions not only being made to the reefs but all over the islands. A combination of carriage, walking, and boating excursion, is a pleasant method of becoming acquainted with the



IN ST. GEORGE'S PUBLIC GARDENS.

intricacies and special scenery of these sunny islands; also the scene of the "Poetic Reveries" of Moore—the celebrated calabash tree, under which he used to sit, at Walsingham, still flourishes.

The native and migratory birds are many and various, and the sportsman in the winter, if he is inclined to walk up his game, may secure a fair bag of Duck, Plover, and Snipe, by visiting Spital and other ponds between St. George and Hamilton, and ending his tour by a prow along the south shore, where the south wind at times "blows moist and keen." The Government is carried on by means of a Legislative Council, the members being elected for life, and the officer commanding the troops being an *ex officio* member.

There is also the House of Assembly, consisting of 36 elected members from the nine parishes of the islands—it is framed on the model of the English House of Commons, but many of the laws have a "*duration* clause," and the members—as also those of the Legislative Council—are paid two dollars each a day for attendance and sitting.

The annual revenue reaches £30,000, and the population, including the naval and military officials, about 16,000.

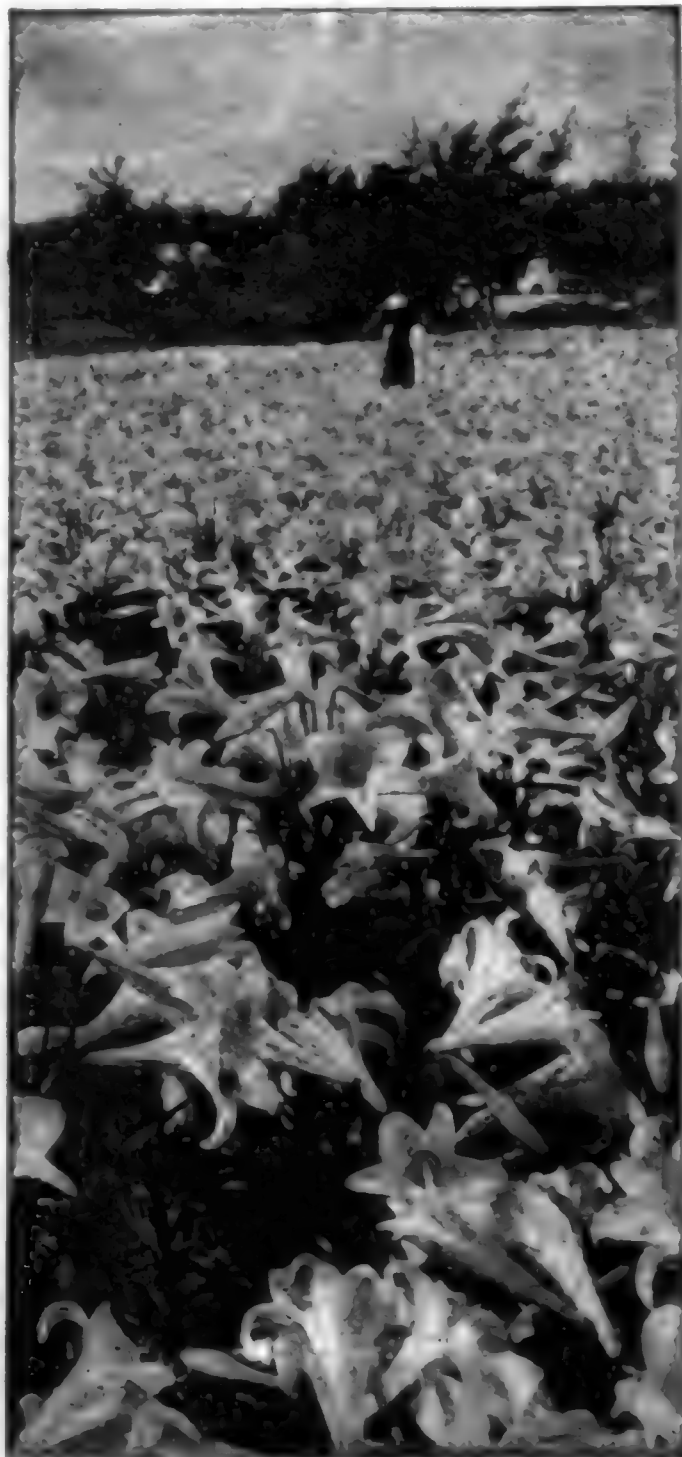
Education in Bermuda has virtually rested with private enterprise, under the superintendence of the clergy and a few ladies.

The attendance of children at school is, if necessary, enforced by a parish board, capitation grants being given under certain conditions, and on the reports of the inspectors. Every parish has a Sunday school, and assistance has been given by some Church of England societies.

Strawberries and lilies have been, and are, grown in large quantities for the New York market. One successful grower—when the strawberries were ready to pick, and the plants yielding dozens of quarts daily—put in the following advertisement

in the local papers: "Wanted.—Fifty ladies and gentlemen to pick strawberries. Must be good whistlers and have sharp finger nails. Apply, &c." The labourers were plenty and the master kept them "whistling," occasionally giving a nudge to the "lady or gentleman" when the music ceased, with a hint to continue. Why all this care? Simply because while the labourers whistled they could not *eat* the precious strawberries. The plan worked well—the hotels were bountifully supplied with strawberries, and there were plenty for the New York market.

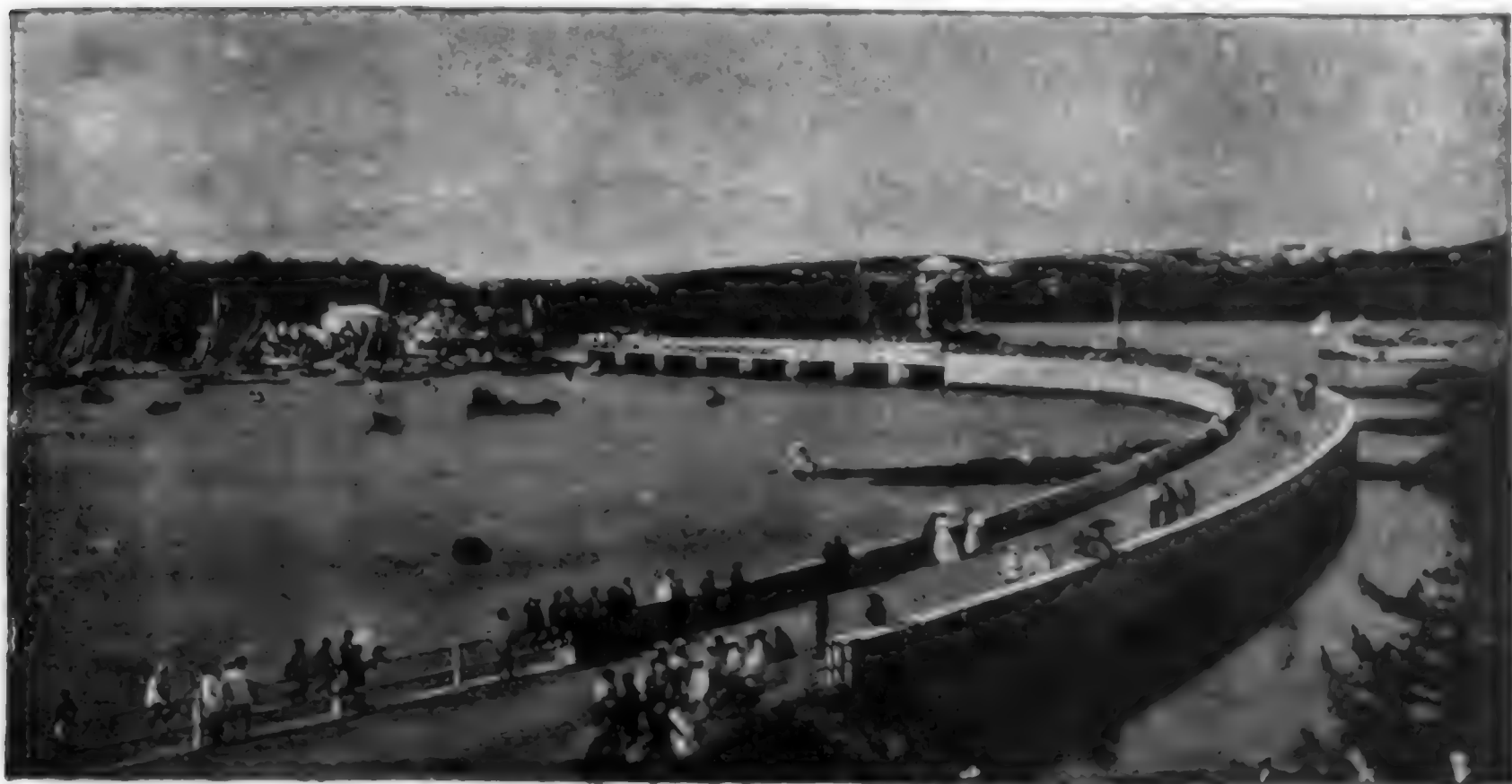
When the writer was first in Bermuda (1856-61), *mail-day* was a mark around which officers, soldiers, merchants, members of the legislature, &c., arranged, as it were, "a life's calendar." When the mail packet was off, many cares could be cast to the winds, as everyone knew there would be no more mail signal flags flying, or mail signal guns for another month at least. Pic-nics, yachting parties, fishing excursions, regattas, balls, parties and what not, could be arranged without any fear of letters, cablegrams, or any other mind-disturbing influences affecting the even tenour of island life. Now, there are too many mail-days, and cablegrams keep up high pressure; and many sigh for the days of the past, and long for a draught of the waters of Lethe.



A FIELD OF LILIES.

In July, 1890, the Bermudas were successfully connected with the network of telegraphy of the world, and congratulatory messages were at once sent to the Queen, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Duke of Cambridge, the President of the United States, &c.

The Queen's reply was as follows:—"The Queen learns with satisfaction the completion of the Bermuda cable, and has heard with pleasure that first messages express loyal sentiments of people and House of



THE CAUSEWAY, FROM LONG BIRD ISLAND, ON THE OPENING DAY.

Assembly." The islands have long been connected by a telegraphic and telephonic system, and the signal stations at Fort George, Mount Langton (the Governor's residence), Clarence Hill (the Admiral's seat), Gibb's Hill, and Ireland, by "flag signalling" keep the community in touch with the latest shipping intelligence, and the egress or ingress of steamers or sailing ships. A system of first-class fortresses and defensive batteries, armed, for the most part, with heavy rifled artillery, is now completed, so that the islands are deservedly

known as the Gibraltar of the West. Forts George, Victoria, Albert, the Western Redoubt, Forts Cunningham and Catherine defend the St. George's position, and the entrance to its harbour, and that of Castle Harbour, while Forts Langton, Hamilton, Gibb's Hill, and the fortifications encircling Ireland Island, defend Hamilton Harbour, the anchorage of Grassy Bay, and the Royal Dockyard. Ireland Island, torpedoes, bombs, submarine mines, &c., would also, if necessary, play a prominent part in opposing a hostile attack. The magnifi-



VIEW OF ST. GEORGE'S.

cent revolving light of Gibb's Hill lighthouse and the fixed white light on St. David's Head reveal the position of the archipelago when approached at *night* from the ocean. This "Equatorial Belt of British Supremacy" can only be entered by special channels during the day, though several have of late years been deepened and straightened. The wonderful transparency of the water within the coral zone encircling the Bermudas, the ever-shifting scenery of the Liliput Islands, dotted with the dark cedar, the slender acacia, sage bush, oleander, &c., make the aspect from the sea very charming.

The Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, Hamilton, is a favourite resort; and hotel, and boarding and lodging house accommodation has increased greatly during the last ten years to meet the requirements of visitors during the season. An excursion to the top of the lighthouse is *de rigueur* by reason of the novel and comprehensive view of the islands which can be obtained there. A drive round Harrington Sound, with its Neptune Grotto, *alias* Devil's Hole, artificial fish pond, and a sea-side ramble to Spanish Rock are agreeable excursions. On Spanish Rock, on the south shore, the ancient St. George's Cross, with the date 1543, is still visible. An excellent marine slip has been built at St. George's upon which vessels can be repaired at all times. Potatoes, onions, arrowroot, and "lilies," are exported to New York, and command good prices. A lily garden in bloom has to be seen to be realized. The principal newspapers, *Bermuda Royal Gazette* and *Colonist*, still flourish, and often find their

way out of Bermuda. Deservedly high in importance to Great Britain, the soft Somers Islands keep watch and ward—like stern, faithful sentinels over our Halifax and West Indian possessions, and are a valuable military and naval station, a depôt and rendezvous for our North American Squadron. They earned a special reputation as a port from whence "blockade steamer runners" made merry trips to and fro during the American Civil War. The steamers, painted a light sea-grey color, so

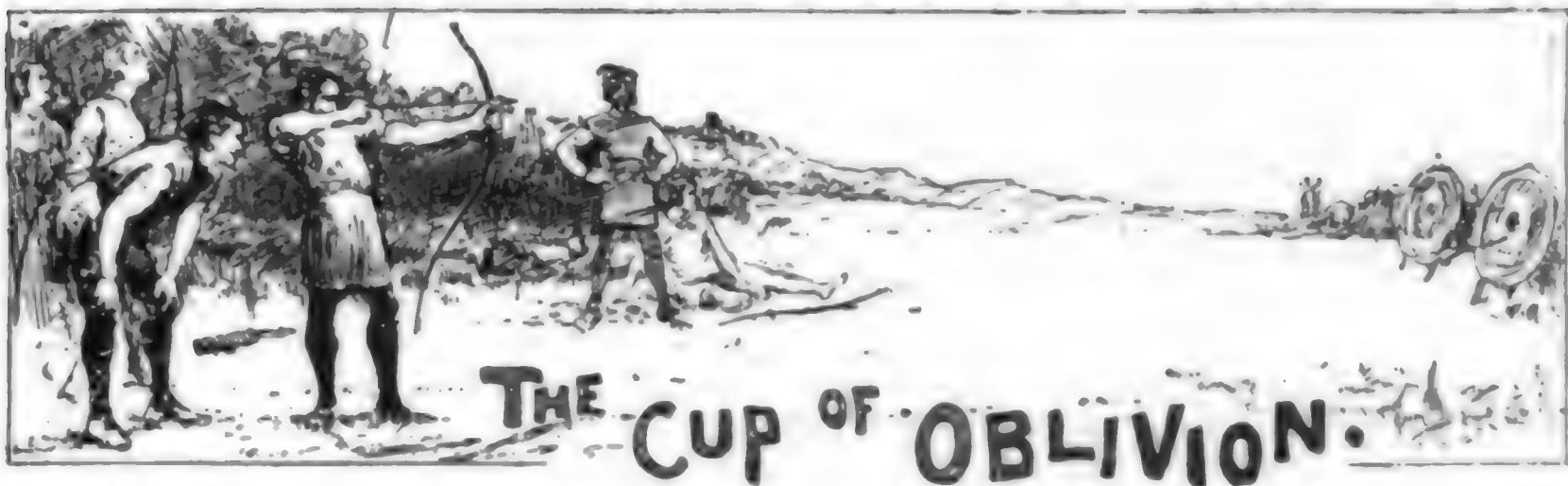
as to elude the blockading squadron, and burning anthracite, or smokeless coal, ran between Bermuda and Wilmington or Nassau, carrying hardware, gunpowder, *coffin screws* (profitable articles), and dry goods, and bringing on the return journey *cotton*—then worth a high figure. Bermuda balls have to be attended to be realized in the evenings so favoured by climate, and by the freaks of fancy which decorate the ball rooms and verandahs, transferring them into a veritable fairy land. It has been well said of Bermuda, that with such a climate, and such an atmosphere, meat, drink, and fuel is one. What need can there be of a doctor? The bloom



SCREW PALM IN ST. GEORGE'S GARDEN.

of the rose, the beauty of the city, the rich and varied mass of luxuriant vegetation, all speak eloquently of health and happiness.

Long may this powerful stronghold remain in the possession of our Imperial Government. The systems of warfare and defence may alter, but the geographical position of this ancient, loyal colony, bound like a gem on the waters of the Atlantic, is of paramount importance to Great Britain.



BY SIR GILBERT CAMPBELL, BART.



It was a sweet summer's afternoon, towards the middle of the fifteenth century, and the inhabitants of the little village of Friars Holt were all assembled upon the green, watching the attempts of some of the younger men to send their arrows straight to the centre of the butts, which stood at one end of

the chosen place of recreation.

It was holiday time in Friars Holt, and matrons and maidens had donned their smartest kirtles, and pranked themselves out with flowers and ribbons.

The elders of the village leaned on their long staffs, and made depreciatory remarks regarding the want of skill in archery displayed by the rising generation.

The scene was an inexpressibly lovely one—the little village of Friars Holt lay on the right of the green, its white cottages peeping out from amidst the orchards in which they were embowered, whilst some two miles away the grand oaks of the royal forest of Wainwood formed an apparently impenetrable wall of thick verdure.

"Another shaft missed the clout," laughed an old man, as the arrow stuck quivering in the turf, falling three yards short of the butt. "The king will never complain that lads of Wainwood make havoc amongst his deer, if he hears of such shooting as this."

"Hold your prate, Gaffer Jenkyn," said the young man, who had discharged the last shaft, pettishly unstringing his bow; "it was a cross wind which marred my shooting, unless, indeed, it was the wizard's wand," he added, crossing himself devoutly, as he cast a glance of scorn and abhorrence at a young maiden standing some little distance apart from the group of rustics, a fair-haired girl of middle height, with a



THREATS AND EXECRATIONS WERE LEVELLED AT THE HEAD OF THE INTRUDER.

pair of laughing, grey eyes. Her age could hardly have exceeded eighteen years, and the merry expression of her face, as she smiled at the woe-begone look of the discomfited bowman had no more wizard's glamour about it, than is always to be found in the rippling laughter of a pretty girl.

"Yes, there she be, sure enough," muttered Gaffer Jenkyn, with a glance of malevolent hatred at the young girl, "what business has she down here amongst us? Even if she can't cast spells herself, she can tell all about us to that old warlock who lives in the ruined tower in Carnstone Chase."

By this time general attention was drawn to the beautiful intruder, and threats and execrations were levelled at her head.

At first the girl appeared unconscious of her danger, but all at once a stone thrown by a lad grazed her arm, and as she perceived the threatening attitude of the crowd, a look of intense terror passed across her face, and she turned to fly.

"Do not let the witch escape," cried an old crone. "I lost two sweet grandchildren last autumn; they said it was the falling sickness, but I know better, it was through the devilments of the old wizard and his ward."

"Swim the witch," cried a rough looking fellow in a leathern apron, who was evidently the village blacksmith, "swim her, I say, and then let us all go up to Carnstone Chase, and deal with the old warlock."

A menacing circle soon formed round the poor girl, whose entreaties for mercy were received with shouts of derision, and she would have been seriously maltreated, had not a figure burst through the ranks of her assailants, and loudly asked the meaning of their cowardly conduct.

The man who interposed in the girl's behalf was attired in the picturesque costume of a forester, though he wore no badge or cognizance to show that he was the retainer of any noble house, and the cloth of which his Lincoln green doublet

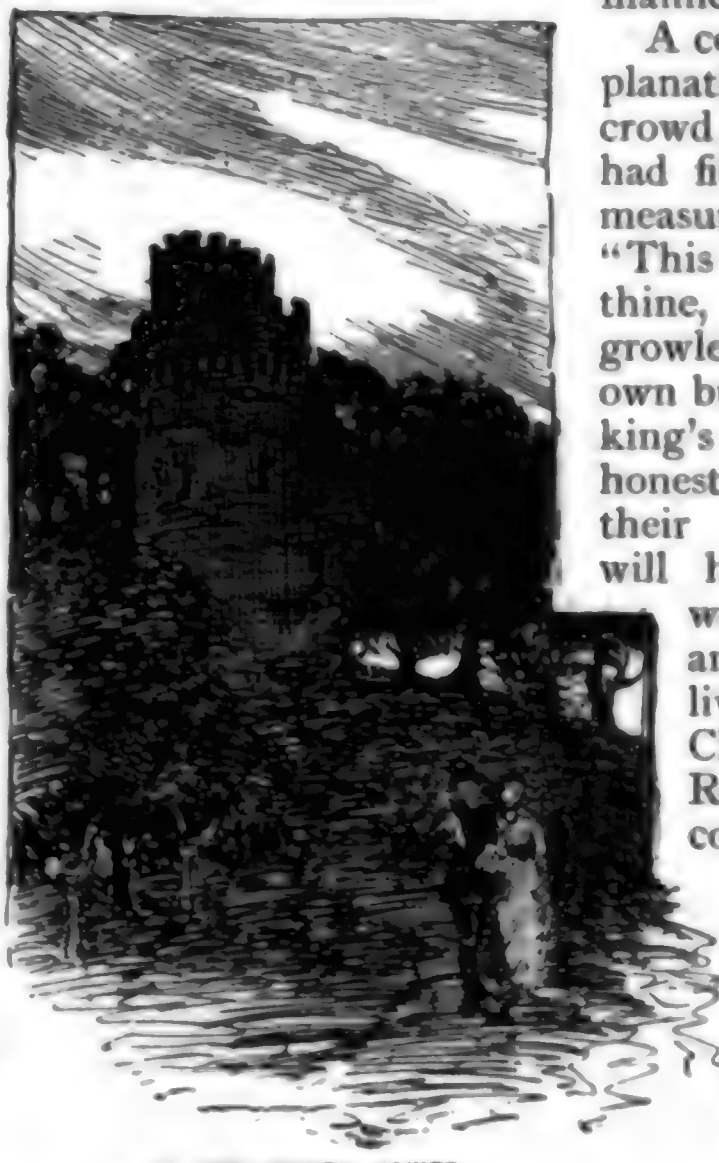
was composed was of a finer character than that in which servitors were attired. A flat velvet cap with a drooping plume of heron's feathers, close fitting hose, and little curiously embroidered leather gaiters, reaching nearly to the knee, completed his costume. A bugle was suspended at his side by a silver chain, whilst broadsword and dagger depended from a leathern belt, and in his hand he held an arblast, as the crossbow was then termed. "Hullo! my masters," cried he, stepping between the maiden and her assailants, "what wit is this? by the bones of Jonathan the Archer, call ye yourselves Englishmen to behave in such a manner?"

A confused chorus of explanation rose from the little crowd; but the smith, who had first suggested violent measures, strode to the front. "This is no business of thine, Hob of the Butts," growled he, "get ye to your own business of stealing the king's deer, and leave honest men to look after their own affairs. We will have no witches or warlocks amongst us, and this wench, who lives up at Carnstone Chase with old Michael Rexthorpe, shall not come down here casting her spell over us and ours." As he spoke, he laid a rough, sinewy hand upon the shoulder of the shrinking girl, but in a moment staggered back

under the effects of a heavy blow dealt him by the man called Hob of the Butts, who, placing the girl's arm in his, drew her through the crowd, not one of which ventured to manifest any opposition.

Neither spoke a word until they had left Friars Holt some little distance behind them, and then the girl said timidly, "I thank you, fair sir, for your kindness in rescuing me from that dreadful man. I thought I should have died with terror when he laid his hand on me."

The forester laughed merrily. "Mat Clink and I understand each other, pretty one," said he, "and had he not taken an overdraught of strong ale this morning he



AT THE RUINED TOWER.

would not have placed himself in my way. But tell me, who are you, why did they call you a witch, and want to throw you into the pond, like a mangy cur?"

Tears started to the girl's eyes. "I am called Sybil Tressider," answered she, "and I am no witch, though I live up in Carnstone Chase, with that fearful man, Michael Rexthorpe. My father, Reginald Tressider, who believed that he could find the philosopher's stone, was the owner of the house in the Chase, and Michael Rexthorpe was his trusted familiar and acolyte, but my poor father died, and the fearsome man, Michael, has taken everything; he says I am his ward, and though I am not absolutely a prisoner, yet he has forbidden me to go beyond certain limits."

Hob of the Butts stroked his chin thoughtfully. "A sad tale," said he; "was your father wealthy?"

"He had great store of gold," answered the girl, "but Michael hath taken it all."

"I marvel not at that," replied the forester, "but what doth he up in the lonely tower—from whence, as I have passed that way at night, I have seen strangely coloured vapours issue, and

clouds of bright sparks float away like evil demons on their errand of ill."

"He searcheth for two things: the secret of eternal youth, and the waters of oblivion," replied Sybil Tressider.

Hob of the Butts looked puzzled. "I know not what you mean by the last," said he.

"It is the draught which brings forgetfulness," answered the maiden.

"Then Mat Clink often finds that when he quaffs the nut brown ale," returned the forester, with his merry laugh, "but see, yonder looms the old grey tower, shall I leave you now, Mistress Sybil, but I rede you venture not down to Friars Holt for many a long day, for they are a churlish lot, and Mat Clink is not always at his waters of oblivion."

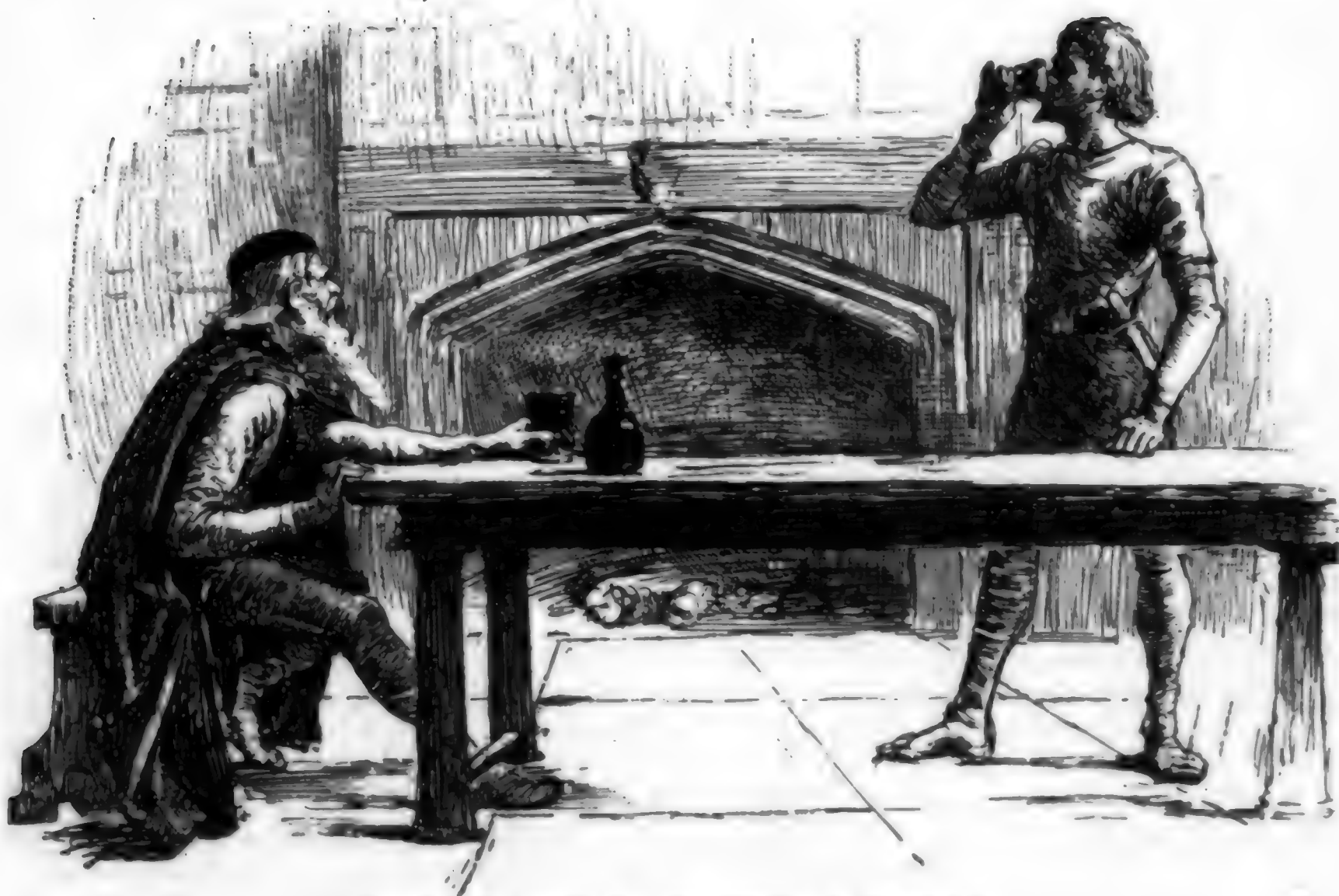
"I cannot ask thee in," replied Sybil, "but from the bottom of my heart I thank thee. I have not met a friend since I can recollect."

She turned from him with a sigh and made her way slowly towards the time torn tower, which stood like some giant sentinel, watching over the bleak waste.

"A wondrously fair jewel for so rough a



NOW BEGAN A NEW LIFE FOR HOB OF THE BUTTS



THE FORESTER TOSSED OFF THE CONTENTS OF THE GOBLET.

casket," muttered the forester, "and a hard life she must have of it with a curmudgeon like Michael Rexthorpe."

In a very few days Hob of the Butts again found himself in the vicinity of the tower, and with a wiliness, which those who were acquainted with his frank and open nature would never have given him credit for, he carried on his shoulders a fat doe, which he humbly offered to Michael Rexthorpe, as a tribute from one who, though ignorant, was a devoted admirer of learning.

The cunning old man fathomed the handsome forester's motive in a moment, but he was not one to cast away gifts, even though he felt in his heart that Hob of the Butts had a magnet in Sybil Tressider; he received him graciously, and accepted the present.

Sybil and the forester had now many opportunities of meeting, and a strong feeling of affection sprung up between them—not unnoticed by the keen eyes of Michael.

And now began a new life for Hob of the Butts; his former sylvan haunts and gay companions knew him not, for he became Michael Rexthorpe's drudge, a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water, and yet he felt that this unaccustomed toil was amply

repaid by the opportunity of breathing his love into Sybil's ear, and hearing her shy answer in response.

Meanwhile, Michael worked hard in his laboratory; furnace, alembic, and crucible were seldom at rest, but as yet no success had crowned his efforts.

There were times when he felt inclined to rend his snow white beard with disappointment. "Why am I cursed thus?" he would murmur. "I want youth to enable me to wed my fair ward, and then to secure the treasures her father left behind him, and oblivion to make her forget all that has passed, and especially this great jerkined forester, who is always hanging about her skirts. Patience—patience—I shall yet find what I am seeking for, though the search be a long one."

One day, however, Michael's countenance was full of triumph. "I have found them," cried he. "I have found them. I am not quite certain of eternal youth, for that will be a gradual process, but of the waters of oblivion I have no doubt. I have, however, hit upon a sure means of testing the latter, and will do so on that jolter-headed archer, and see if it will make him forget Sybil."

He hastened away to the keeping room

of the tower with the silver goblets, each containing a small quantity of some liquid, pure and colourless as crystal. "I will quaff youth," said he, "whilst the archer shall drain the cup of oblivion to the dregs."

Meanwhile the lovers were engaged in earnest conversation beneath a pink may tree, which grew on the south side of the tower.

"Have you not made up your mind yet, dearest Sybil," murmured the archer, in impassioned tones, "will you not exchange this dull tower and the harsh words of your guardian for the sweet retreats of the merry greenwood. The Prior of St. Wulfstan's Chapel is ready to join our hands, and my trusty comrades will give you a hearty welcome. Fly with me, then, and do not waste your young life here."

For a while the maiden hesitated, and then with a deep blush consented to follow her lover.

"Hie thee away, then, to the broken down cross by the stream," said the archer, "and in half an hour I will rejoin thee there. I go but to see what the old curmudgeon is about, so that he may not interfere with my flight."

"Nay, I will go into the tower," answered the girl, "and when all is safe I will rejoin thee."

As she entered the keeping room, she saw her guardian carefully placing two silver goblets upon the table. "Where hast thou been, gadabout?" said he, with an angry frown, "and where is that oaf of a bowman? I have a fancy for a venison pasty, and want him to strike me down one of the king's fattest bucks. Send him hither, and I will hasten him up by partaking of a cup of strong waters with him before he goes forth on his quest."

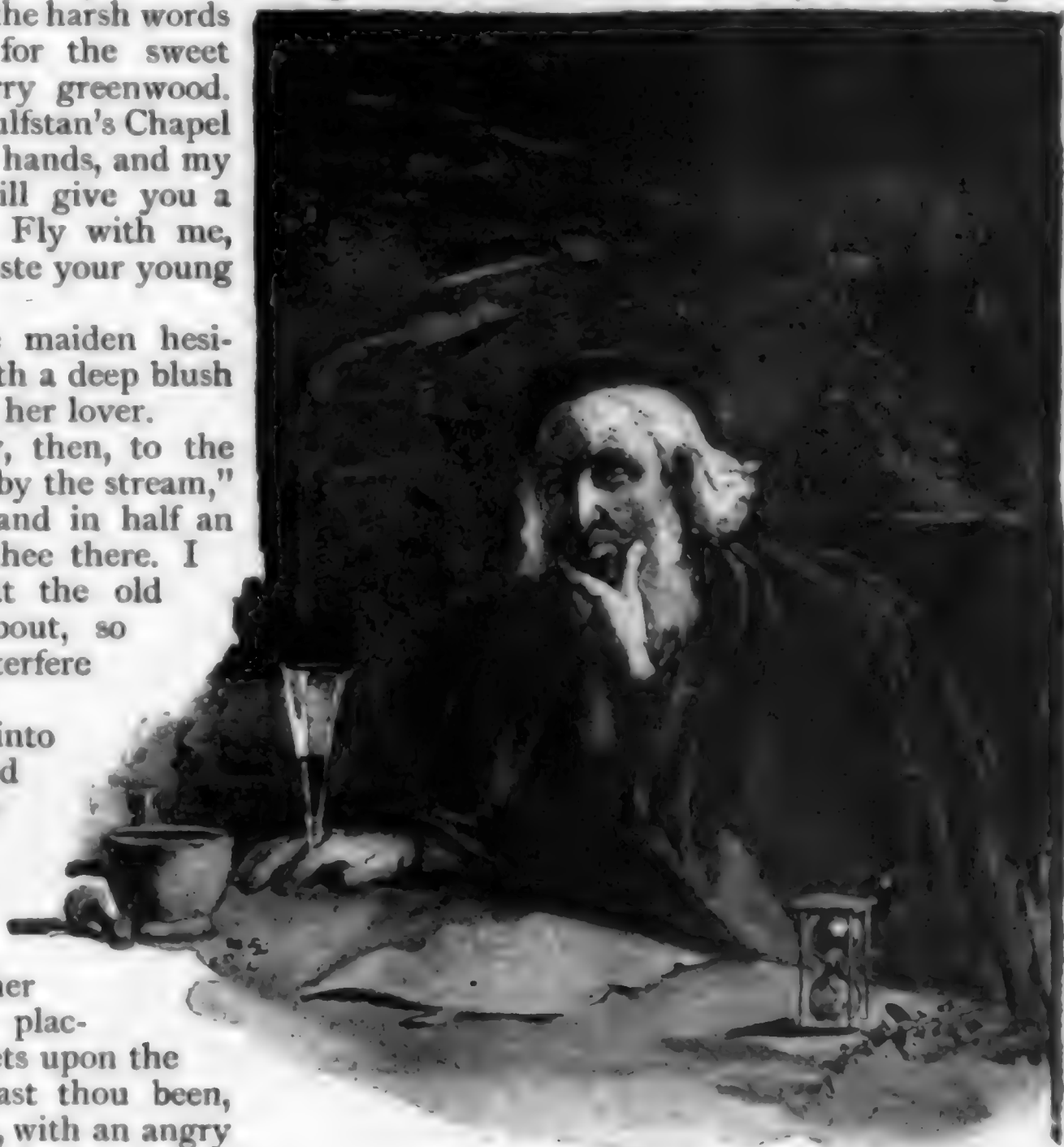
Michael placed the goblets at separate ends of the table, and then shambled out of the room. As he did so, the girl caught a malicious twinkle in his eye, which raised her suspicions, and with lightning-like speed she reversed the positions of the cups, then, hastening to her lover, she whispered a few words in his ear.

He nodded, and in a few seconds entered the room, where the seeker after the mysteries of the occult was in waiting.

"You want some venison, I hear, Master Rexthorpe," said the forester. "I can lay my hands upon a fair white doe in half-an-hour."

"'Tis well," answered Rexthorpe, rubbing his hands, "but before thou goest, drain this, 'twill hearten thee up."

The forester tossed off the contents of the goblet, and was about to leave the room, when the old man said, "whither goest



THE WIZARD IN HIS LABORATORY.

thou, Hob?"

"To the broken cross," answered the forester.

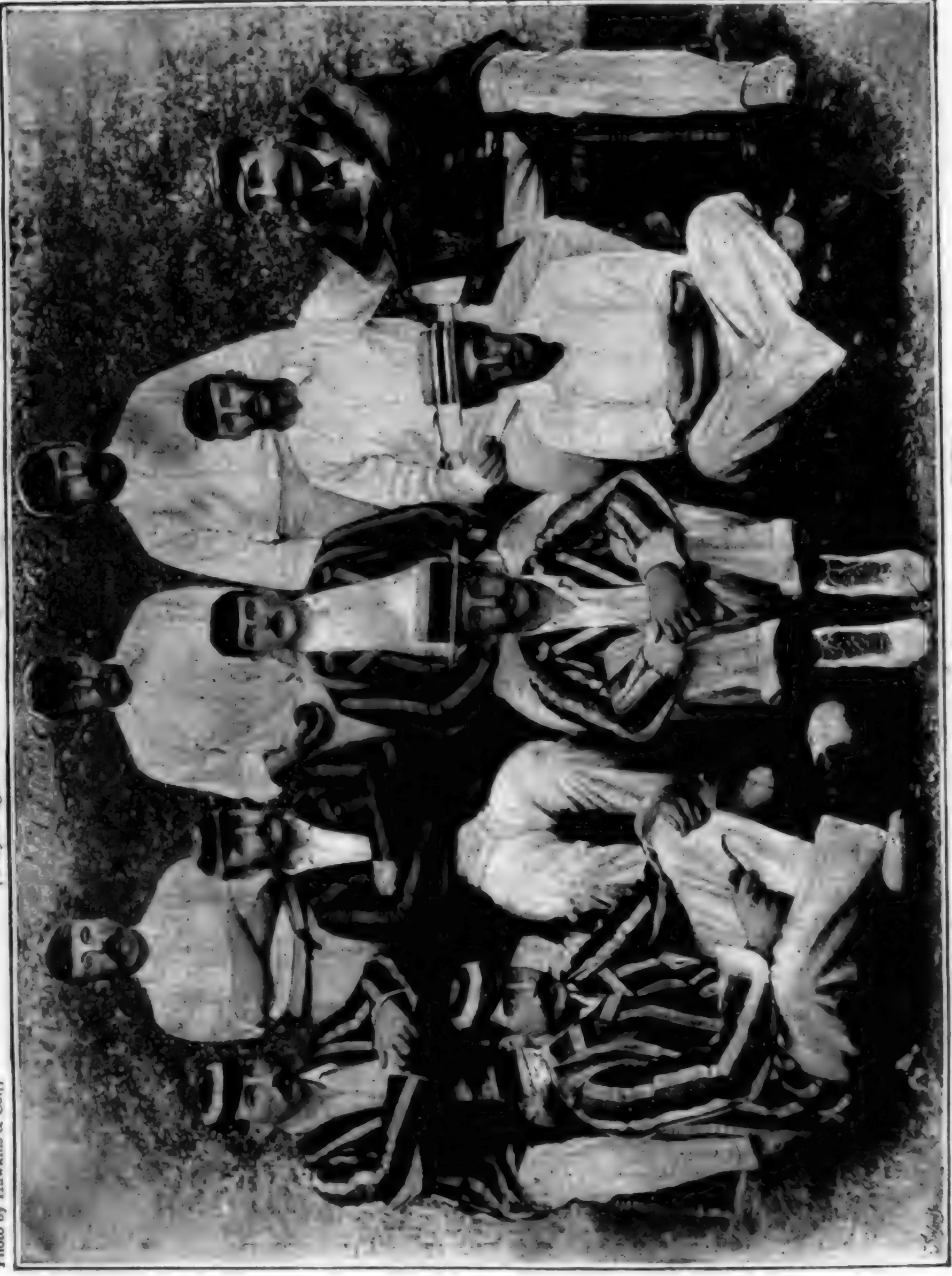
"Good, he hath forgotten all about the doe," said Michael gleefully, "the potion works already: now for my change." He drained off the contents of the chalice, and fell stricken by death: whilst the forester and the maiden journeyed on to where light and happiness awaited them, for love has been ever the spring of eternal youth, whilst it is only death's hand that can brew the liquor which fills the Cup of Oblivion.

THE MIDDLESEX ELEVEN, 1891.

[108, King's Road, Brighton.

(Played against Sussex, at Brighton, July 20th and 21st.)

Photo by Hawkins & Co.,]



Rawlin.	T. C. O'Brien.	Hearne (J. T.).	Phillips.	S. W. Scott.
E. M. Hadow.	A. E. Wooddard.	A. J. Webbe (Capt.).	West. T. Honery.	
		E. A. Nepean.		

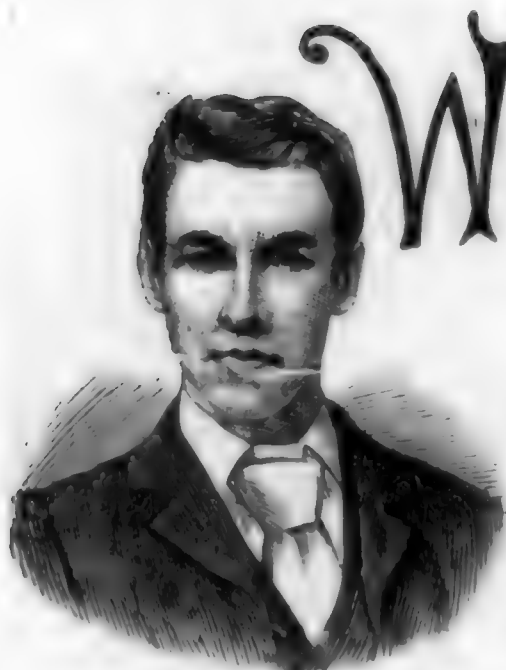


A MATCH AT LORD'S.

Lord's

BY

Percy Cross Standing



P. C. STANDING.

WHAT a crowd of delightful memories cluster around the historic cricket ground of "Lord's," situate in the heart of Marylebone! What a host of exciting incidents can be conjured up, if one shuts one's eyes for a moment and concentrates one's thoughts upon *Lord's*! In vain may captious critic and keen sportsman alike descant upon "the mysteries of the side hill," "the sooty-leaved chestnut trees," and the fact, if fact it be, that Lord's is the most "difficult" ground in the world. The fact remains that it is *the* ground, and that those who sway its destinies constitute the parliament which makes the laws governing the game of games.

Lord's is, it goes without saying, a ground of big hits and great performances. Such a hit as that which lives in the memory of Mr. A. G. Steel, when he dilates upon the manner in which Charles Bannerman in '78 drove a ball from P. H. Morton "over the awning of Lord Londesborough's drag, striking the wall beyond"—such an exciting day as that on which the First Australian Team decisively defeated the crack eleven of the Marylebone Club—such a wonderful week as that wherein the Centenary of the Club was solemnized with all due pomp in Jubilee Year—these are a few items to be remembered.

I would ask you, dear reader, to be not

appalled when I state my wish to take you back to the year 1780—a year in which the Montpelier Cricket Club ("the acorn from which sprung the gigantic oak known as the M.C.C.") was the most prominent in London, with one Thomas Lord for its curator. In 1787, mainly owing to the influence of the Earl of Winchelsea, Sir Horace Mann, and Colonel Lennox, a number of the members seceded, and, through their said curator, acquired a site for playing matches on what is now known as Dorset Square, Marylebone. They thereby inaugurated *Lord's* Ground and the *Marylebone* Club. The M.C.C. immediately set about challenging several leading



A. J. WEBBE.

(Photo by E. Hawkins & Co., 108, King's Road, Brighton.)

clubs, the first match recorded being played with the White Conduits, and won by Marylebone by 83 runs. All went well for something like twenty-two years, the Club meanwhile waxing in strength and importance, playing matches against All England, Middlesex, Kent, &c., and already feeling powerful enough to commence revising the laws of cricket.

The M.C.C. now fell upon troublous times, though. In 1810 Lord was driven from Dorset Square by his landlord. An exodus to a new site in the neighbourhood of North Bank, Regent's Park, then took place, but scarcely two years had elapsed before the cutting of Regent's Canal involved the abandonment of this ground also; and that year of continental strife, 1814, witnessed them in active occupation of their present ground. Here the first recorded match took place on June 22nd, 1814, when the Club defeated Hertfordshire by an innings and 27 runs.

But the disaster, which administered the *coup de grâce* to Mr. Lord was the destruction of the old pavilion by fire on the night of July 28th, 1825. The books of the Club, together with priceless manuscripts and records, perished in the flames; and albeit a sum of over £2,500 was due to Lord for subscriptions, he was in the position of not knowing who had and who had not paid. After his retirement, the generosity of Mr. William Ward enabled the pavilion to be re-constructed and the Club to continue the even tenor of its way, further encouragement being offered by the inauguration of the Inter-University Matches in 1827. Following Mr. Ward, Mr. J. H. Dark was the proprietor of the ground, until 1864, and a few years later the club was able to call the ground its own.

Now look at the proud position of the Premier Club to-day. Whereas, twenty

years ago, it played an average of under forty matches annually, it engaged last year in no fewer than one hundred and sixty fixtures, out and home, of which eighty-four were won, and forty were lost. It is no uncommon thing for the M.C.C. and Ground to play three or four matches on the same day, during the height of the season, more than one of these frequently being a first-class engagement. Certainly no other club in the world, at the present time, is strong enough to do this. The M.C.C. is able to do it with perfect safety, seeing that in addition to a large muster of the best amateur cricketers in the country, "the Ground" is represented by between



T. C. O'BRIEN.

(Photo by E. Hawkins & Co., 108, King's Road, Brighton.)

forty and fifty of our most practised professionals. Again, in 1866 the Club numbered under a thousand members, and possessed an income of £6,000. To-day its members are more than 3,500 strong, and it boasts an annual income of £30,000, which, by the way, it spends freely and generously enough. Moreover, the old pavilion was replaced during the winter of 1889-90 by the present splendid structure (of which the Editor is able to reproduce a photograph specially taken for this Magazine) at a cost of

£20,000. It has a frontage of 156 feet, includes many handsome apartments, and can accommodate three thousand persons. There are at present more than five thousand candidates for membership, but so difficult is it now to get in (only 156 new members being admitted annually, and a life membership costing £100) that the chance of some of these gentlemen seems a little remote.

The Middlesex County Cricket Club has been generously permitted, since 1869, the free use of Lord's for its matches, and to take the gate money arising therefrom, the only stipulation being that its members are members of the M.C.C. also. The time seems not very far distant, too, when

Middlesex will compete with Surrey in earnest for the supremacy among the counties. Up to the present they have only held this proud position one season, and that was before the great revival in Surrey cricket took place. Middlesex cricket owes a great deal to the Walkers of Southgate, the genial "I. D." of that ilk having captained the team until increasing years and weight warned him to resign in favour of that fine cricketer, Mr. A. J. Webbe. In the same way that the Surrey crowd have their favourites, partisans of Middlesex know Mr. T. C. O'Brien as "Timothy," and Mr. Nepean as "Nip." In addition to these, Mr. Webbe is generally able to lead into the field such first-class amateurs as Mr. A. E. Stoddart—who at the time of writing bids fair to have achieved the biggest inter-county score of the year, by reason of his remarkable 215 (not out) against Lancashire—Mr. Stanley Scott, Mr. Vernon, Mr. Henery, and Mr. Hadow. In the way of professional talent, Middlesex are considerably stronger than they have been since the days of Clarke and Howitt. In young J. T. Hearne (who as I write is heading the first-class bowling averages) they appear to have unearthed a trundler of the very first rank, and one who is worthily backed up by "Jim" Phillips, the Melbourne Club professional, and Rawlin. The case of Phillips is much out of the common, as he plays good cricket all the year round, representing his colony in inter-colonial matches during our winter, and regularly coming "home" for the summer at Lord's. When I add that Mr. Gregor McGregor, the celebrated Cambridge University wicket-keeper, is qualifying to play for Middlesex by residence, it will be readily understood that the prospects of the Metropolitan County for 1892-93 are of the brightest.

I had almost forgotten to make mention of genial old Tom Hearne—an institution at St. John's Wood dating from 1858. The oldest member of a famous cricketing family, Tom Hearne did yeoman's service during a term of years, both for the Marylebone Club and Middlesex County, and in 1872 was rewarded with the appointment of chief of the ground staff, a post which he still holds, and an honour which he fully appreciates. He is one of the most familiar figures to be met with on the ground, and his delivery of the ball—for he yet does a little at the nets—forcibly reminds one of the old school of cricketers, to which he belongs. He is, in

addition, still the honorary secretary, and therefore a leading light, of that excellent institution, fostered by the Marylebone Club, the Cricketers' Fund Friendly Society.

The season at Lord's is over, to all intents and purposes, by the middle of July, although matches of more or less importance are played right down to the end of August. The experiment of a County match in August, too, has proved very successful indeed. The two greatest events of the season, Oxford *v.* Cambridge and Eton *v.* Harrow, attract immense and fashionable audiences, and are followed with the keenest attention by the partisans of the contending sides. Gentlemen *v.* Players is by no means so great an attraction, save to the cricket enthusiast *pur et simple*, as are the inter-'varsity and inter-school contests. Why, there were present at the Eton and Harrow match of 1891, despite the counter attraction of the German Emperor's visit, some 12,000 spectators on the first day, and 18,000 on the second. The two schools always meet on a Friday and Saturday, and no play ever takes place on the previous day, which is occupied by the admission of carriages to the ground. The playing space is completely surrounded with drags and other vehicles, and during the luncheon interval Lord's presents the appearance of a vast picnic.

Betting on our national game is now happily a thing of the past, by virtue of the stringent regulations made by the M.C.C. That must have been a very remarkable match which was played at Lord's old ground a century ago, between five of the White Conduit Club, with six picked men, and eleven of All England, for a thousand guineas. A considerable section of Lord's is now utilized for tennis, gold and silver prizes being competed for annually. It is interesting to note that the Hon. Alfred Lyttleton—prince of wicket-keepers—has several times been a winner in these tennis contests. A memorable event was the Centenary Celebration of the Marylebone Club in June, 1887, when a cricket week was filled with two great matches between M.C.C. and All England, and the Gentlemen of M.C.C. *v.* Eighteen Veterans over forty. On the third evening of the week, a novel idea—that of holding the Centenary Dinner in the tennis court—was carried out with complete success.

There have been sixty-six Presidents of the Marylebone Club, the first (1826)



J. T. HEARNE.

(Photo by E. Hawkins & Co., 108, King's Road, Brighton.)

having been Charles Barnett, Esquire, and the sixty-sixth (1891) Mr. V. E. Walker.

In looking back upon the gradual rise of the Marylebone Club and its beautiful ground, one is forced to the conclusion that the work so ably begun by the late Mr. R. A. Fitzgerald has been brought to such a successful issue, largely owing to the efforts of the present secretary, Mr. Henry Perkins. I do not doubt that Mr. Perkins cherishes the pleasantest recollections of his friend and compatriot, "Bob" Fitzgerald, than whom no keener sportsman, nor stauncher friend ever breathed. Mr. Fitzgerald became familiar to a large circle as a regular contributor to "Punch," and later, by reason of the delightful book, "Wickets in the West," which was the outcome of his able conduct of the English amateurs in America. For a considerable time he acted as honorary secretary of the Club, and afterwards as paid secretary, Mr. Perkins succeeding to the post in 1877, on Mr. Fitzgerald's premature death.

With Mr. Perkins, too, it has been a labour of love, for he has had a great deal to contend against. Admitting that Lord's has made so tremendous an increase in size, accommodation, and popularity, this has not been attained without considerable opposition from certain sections of the outer world. The latest development of this

hostility has been the threatened danger of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway extension cutting through Lord's—a danger now apparently averted by the railway having agreed to make only a slight inroad upon a corner of the ground.

An article that has for its theme Lord's, with special reference to the Middlesex County Club, would scarcely be complete without a mention of the gentleman who has now for some years filled the office of hon. secretary of the Middlesex C.C. Mr. Percy M. Thornton, by no means the least useful member of a celebrated family of cricketers, finds time, in the midst of his political and literary labours, to do this work in the interests of county cricket, and to do it well.

One more word, and I have finished. A flood of memories overpowers one as one endeavours to write of "Lord's," bringing one out of the past into the present, and back again. But how curious it is that the ground should bear the name of a man who, true and honest Englishman as he is reputed to have been, rather regarded his researches in this department as a means of making money, and certainly was no cricket player. LORD'S it has been from the first, however, still is, and is likely to remain so until "the wickets cease from troubling, and the trundlers are at rest."



A. E. STODDART.

(Photo by E. Hawkins & Co., 108, King's Road, Brighton.)

THE GOLD FIELDS OF MASHONALAND.

BY F. E. HARMAN.



F. E. HARMAN.

WHEN my great grandfather exploited Richmond Hill, substituting the present terrace frontage for a barber's shop, which, up till then, shared with the aristocratic "Star and Garter," the honor of being the only buildings on this delightful spot, he little thought that it would fall to the lot of his descendants to assist at the formation of towns in America, Australia, and Africa. And, as the pioneer column and the British South Africa Company's police came in sight of their objective point—the Fort Salisbury, of which I now write—could my architectural ancestor have been with it, his eyes would have doubtless kindled at the pleasant prospect that met my gaze, not dissimilar in its breezy freshness from the wilder glades of our own historic parks. The curtain afforded by the camel-footed like leaved "mapain," which had given us a never ending screen for some hundreds of miles, had been at length penetrated; long tracks had carried us over the marshy uplands from Fort Victoria, and now the goal was in sight, gained without a single casualty. High rose the hopes in every manly breast, and deep were the consultations held as to whom to select for chums in the forthcoming race for wealth.

Smith, of Brazenose, was excellent in his year as bow of the eight, but could Smith wield a sledge hammer or drill a hole? Brown, well Brown could make languishing love to the sweet "Bessie" at the "Blue Dragon," but Brown's experience of inspiring sixteen oxen was *nil*, and his knowledge of the fair sex at a discount. Jones, now. Ah, Jones had once had a grandfather who kept a cow, so his knowledge of live stock must be extensive. But Bill Nobbs. Ah, if Bill was only of the party, each man would "peg out" claims worth fifty thousand pounds at least! Bill, on the strength of having been at a real diggings at Bendigo or Ballarat, using extraordinary adjectives, and looking wise, without ever committing himself, had worked up a reputation which, had there been ready cash in camp, would have opened the purse-strings of the most penurious. But without it Bill was unapproachable.

Tom Ratlin, of H.M.S. *Raleigh* could splice a rope, which is a convenient accomplishment alike for a sailor or miner; but then he wanted his pal Jack with him, and Jack's idea of life was simply to make enough to set up as a green-grocer in his native village. Such a prosaic ending for a bold buccaneer to aspire to was thought clearly indicative of a want of enterprize by those who were about to become millionaires, hence the pair were given the cold shoulder. And then one man had the audacity to confess to a doubt whether he knew gold when he saw it, while another pretended he could put his hand on it the very moment the last bugle

note sounded, but when cautious questions were put, he relapsed into silence. There was nothing to be got from him.

The party made up; where were they to commence to prospect? Except that Hartley Hill had been described as a gold-bearing centre in some detail, and the names of one or two other districts were known (though their exact position was a matter of conjecture), it was a matter of absolute uncertainty whether going north, east or west would be most advantageous.

Yet the very vagueness of the quest added to its excitement, and the wildest rumours flew around the column.

Then, as if to add to the force of the finale, nature seemed purposely to have kept the gold strata from our sight, as, ever since we had entered Mashonaland, our route had passed, almost exclusively, over granite rocks, often rising high in fantastically heaped boulders, from which the far-reaching cries of the Mashonas cleft the clear air as they shouted to the passing column, or to their dusky chums on adjacent eminences.

Very disappointing, too, though not less picturesque, were the rocky river beds, in which some would-be prospectors dipped their virgin dishes, and "panned" with all the ardour of the beginner, while the knowing ones, lolling around, chewed the cud of reflection, drooped the sagacious eyelid, and enjoyed themselves, uttering pungent expletives, wiser in their generation than the ardent would-be miner. Though little auriferous wealth rewarded the washer, he was, nevertheless, not without excitement. Someone

saw, or thought he saw, a crocodile, and the prospect of a mangled limb made many an amateur water-sprite grimpy. Nor were the alarms always groundless, as later on the saurians claimed many victims, not excepting man. Reprisals were attempted by dropping in dynamite, which, if it exploded on our enemy's back, must have made him feel singularly uncomfortable, to judge from the looks of the fish it sent to the surface. Many came up dead, others gasping for breath, and clearly suffering from a shock to their nerves. Slowly they

swam about, half lying on their sides on the surface of the water, now stopping altogether, and then, when partially recovered, giving a dart with a few rapid strokes of their fins, as they were about to be seized by the hungry prospector, anxious to secure such scaly treasures for pot or frying pan. On the way up, too, an officer in command shot a couple of hippopotami, which gave a change of diet in supplying a few choice joints, in flavour between beef and pork, to say nothing of the great bulk of the carcase, which fell to the lot of our native friends,



A GRAND "WALERBOOM" GIANT.

who gorged and re-gorged themselves as only kaffirs can, once they get the chance of a feed of meat.

How pretty are some of these rivers. As we approach them, we see finer trees than cover the veldt elsewhere; grand "Walerboom" giants, whose black limbs are but partially hidden by the tiny acacia like foliage. Climbing up them in fantastic wreaths are creepers, whose tendrils hold on to the branches with many a curious twist and contortion. A few have gay flowers, attracting the swift and soaring butterflies



HERE IS A PICTURE OF THE FIRST STREET.

that scorn to descend to earthly sweets. Now and again, too, a close search amongst the more tangled growth discloses a lemur, whose large round eyes have a bewildered look, in the glare of the noon-day sun, and whose limbs seem stiffened and paralyzed until the evening stars begin to twinkle. Then comes the feeding time, and the unwary moth, hovering over the bunches of flowers, is seized, even before its swift wings can bear it to a place of safety, with incredible rapidity with those limbs which, but a few hours before, seemed almost too stiff to belong to a living being.

Between the large trees which crowd the high lands and the running water, grow mighty reeds, and long, coarse grass, sheltering the richly spotted leopard, or the deadly snake. Small birds of many kinds, whose twittering is, perhaps, the only sound that rises above the murmur of a distant cascade, keep up a constant motion of the rushes as they settle on the bending stems; and one hopes, almost against hope, that they are chattering over Mr. Spots as he creeps, with his belly almost touching the sand, and with noiseless paws, towards his prey. The rifle is ready; expectancy is raised to the highest pitch, the fire-side in far off England where the skin is to repose to remind the old folks of their absent son, passes before the mind's eye; but no! either the leopard has scented us, or something has drawn his attention away, and caused him to take a different direction. The little finches flit away, and in the stillness that follows, the sportsman explores the covert, only to find fresh tracks which lose themselves on an adjacent harder strata of sand. Ah, well! better luck next time, becomes a philosophical reflection often uttered by the searcher after big game.

Nor, is the man with a shot gun often much more fortunate, for the pheasants seem to be training for a foot race, and keep a hundred yards or so ahead, and when pressed, simply disappear in the first clump of grass, whence, unless one has a "smell dog," it is impossible to rely on their rising.

But let us catch up the column and see where it halts for the last time.

On the right is a tree-covered ironstone hill, bearing traces of former habitations, and, climbing this, we get a charming view of the surrounding country. Strong winged partridges whirl away as we ascend, and at no great distance we can decry a herd of the swift and elegant sable antelope, not yet frightened by the loss of some of their number by the deadly rifle bullet. Nor are these the only denizens of this high veldt, as several other species of deer frequent it, or rather, were denizens of its wilds when they *were* wild and untenanted, save by a stray bee-hunting Mashona, or an impi of Matabele, swiftly traversing it to a distant looting ground.

In front of us is an open, gently undulating expanse, selected as the site of the new town, with a few low hills forming a background. They are covered with small but elegantly shaped trees, whose leaves wave gaily in the breeze, a delicate tracery of buffs and light browns; for, reversing the order of colouring under our leaden skies, the Mashonaland trees put on their autumn colouring as the young leaves expand and rot, when they are about to drop from the tired boughs at the dictate of autumn's chilly winds. Towards evening, the tiny inconspicuous flowers exhale a most delicate fragrance as the day breezes die away, as though loath to part with their

scent to a too sturdy wooer. On our right is a fresh stream, in places spreading out into little pools, in others running amongst the flower bestrewn ground, and frequented, where the grass is tall, by a quaint little bird, with a long tail feather out of all proportion to its size, which flies so slowly that it tempts pursuit. Other denizens of the flood are there, graceful cranes, with their curious top-knots, and gay kingfishers, while softly floating down for a teetotal "night-cap" is the gentle ringdove. But calm and undisturbed as seem our wild friends of fur and feather, his august majesty, the king of beasts, levies tribute on what he will; and overhead eagles, kites, and buzzards, soar in the clear sky, and from their lofty vantage take stock of their prey.

But, arrived on this undisturbed wilderness, what a mark is soon made! Here is a picture of the first street, made in ten minutes, of the patrol tents of the Pioneers, each of which accommodated two men, and if carefully pitched and not touched when wet, keep out a very fair amount of rain, so much so, indeed, that I have frequently seen them employed as roofs over a more ambitious and lofty hut of pole sides. As they stand, one has to crawl rabbit-like into their interior, which is not too commodious; but if not in themselves ambitious, they have the advantage of encouraging an improved architecture to be undertaken even by an amateur builder. Very proud were our Romuluses and Remuses of to-day in erecting in our modern Rome the

first structures here depicted with pole walls and grass sides and roofs, though sadly and sorely they had to realize, when the first showers commenced to fall, that they might have taken a lesson from the despised Mashona, and built their huts without corners for the wind to unthatch, and with a roof so steep that the water preferred to keep on the outside to dripping playfully on to the sleeping occupant, until he awoke to the conclusion he was not an architect to the manner born. It must, however, be confessed that the regime of red tape, so necessary an adjunct to civilization, is in a measure guilty for the faulty construction of the early Government buildings, the barracks, officers' quarters, and administrator's huts. I chanced to be standing by a fatigue party of the pioneers, told off before the formal disbandment of the corps e'er they left camp. Said one trooper, "What do you want the poles we're to cut for, sergeant-major?" I hesitated to give in military language the exact words of the gallant sergeant-major, but the trooper—a gentleman—was curtly asked "What the — it mattered to him whether the poles were to build a pig-sty or a cathedral?" each noun being prefaced with a superabundance of adjectives more sanguinary than descriptive.

Even before the corps was disbanded a theatre was built and dismantled. Its sides were of waggons; its floor of ammunition boxes, but it will probably be long before a theatre in a new town can excel it in the excellence of its lighting. As an adjunct



NOT LESS PICTURESQUE WERE THE ROCKY RIVER BEDS

of modern warfare, the column was supplied with a dynamo to generate electricity for a search light, with which to pierce the darkness around the nightly formed laager, so that no stealthy Matabele might approach without our having a good chance to see how to concentrate our machine guns and rifles on the advancing impi. This gave us the unique advantage of an electric light for the first theatre erected in Mashonaland. As if to give all a hint of the imminent disbanding of the corps, and the metamorphosis of its members into embryo prospectors, our manager decided on playing the very appropriate piece, "Turn Him Out," and very well were the characters sustained. Great was the astonishment of the native portion of the audience, Zulus, Ghika, Ghalika, Bechuana Hottentots, and Cape Colony drivers, when they saw English actresses on the stage. They simply could not understand how it was they had been concealed during the many weeks of trekking, and, to this day, although they have been told the female characters were taken by the more youthful and less hirsute members of the party, they are still disposed to believe their eyes rather than place confidence in their ears.

So successful was the performance, that a concession was applied for and granted for certain dramatic privileges. A joint-stock company has been formed, and I believe arrangements are in a forward state for the appearance of leading artists, brought out direct from the old country, regardless of expense, and fitted out with an extensive stock of appropriate dresses and scenery.

Nor is the drama the only form of amusement thought of. A racecourse has been selected, of which a fine view can be obtained from an adjoining hill, which will in due course be enclosed, to form a public promenade and recreation ground.

Besides being peculiar as a new town in commencing to think of amusement before business, Fort Salisbury is singular in hav-

ing had, during the first few months of its existence, no hotel or bar, and there being no opportunity offered for a stranger to get a bed or for friends to drink other than Adam's ale. The police and pioneers could draw rations, and rather scanty rations they were, but had a chance visitor arrived he would have had a very excellent chance of starving. The first shop opened was a watchmaker's, at a time and in a place where in all places of the world time was of the least consequence.

Early in the field, too, was a solicitor, whose firm combines legal works of all kinds with auctioneering, and whose bills and letters, thanks to the scarceness of paper and ink, generally measure a square inch, or at most two.

The first public subscription was started for the praiseworthy object of equipping a hospital, and I hope, ere this is in print,

some humane and public - spirited sisters have been able to carry out their intention of making the long trek up country which is necessary before they can reach Fort Salisbury to earn the blessings their humanity so richly deserves. No one who has not lain on a bed of sickness in a lone



GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

hut for long hours with inappropriate food, insufficient medicine, and only the nursing of a willing but untrained chum, can realize the inestimable luxury of being tended by a gentle woman's hand.

Modest temporary church and chapel accommodation was soon provided, but more ambitious structures were in course of erection when I left, and pastors of various denominations were there or trekking up to look after their respective flocks.

Last to mention, though the first to construct, is the fort. A low, modern earthwork, with guns peeping from raised terraces over its parapet, and over all the flag of the British South African Company, with sufficient of the Union Jack in the composition of its design to recall the glorious old rag that has so long been the emblem of British freedom. As the Mashonas possess



A MIXED GROUP AT FORT SALISBURY.

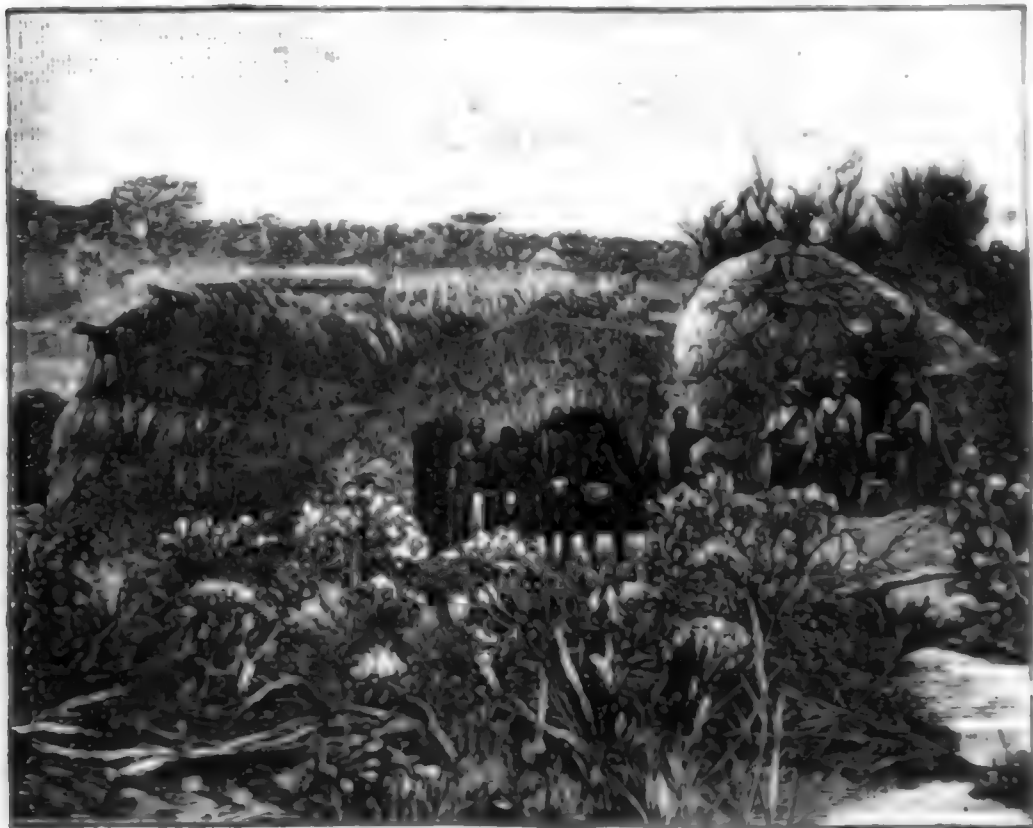
no beasts of burden or draught, and have no vehicles, each must perforce be a retail trader. The group depicted here have probably come forty or fifty miles by narrow paths through the grass, marching in single file along the sinuous track, deflected from a straight line by so slight an obstacle as a tuft of grass larger than usual, which would bruise the foot of the first passer by. Once made, be the path never so winding, it is not afterwards straightened, so that at a distance, a number of Mashonas, each following close on the heels of the other, suggest some snake-like animal wriggling into bold contortions, and but slowly advancing to its ultimate goal, its warty back formed of their head-loads, now gleaming for a moment in the sun, and then lost again in the wavy sea of grass.

In their tidy, little wicker baskets, or in long sacks made of different coloured fibres, and shaped like an attenuated bolster cover, they carry a variety of grain, mealies, varieties of Kaffir corn, oil nuts, and beans, with, in some districts, a particularly good kind of rice. Sometimes they carry earthenware vessels holding Kaffir beer, a drink about which there is a wide divergence of opinion, though on a hot day even the most squeamish acknowledge its excellence.

In colour it is a dirty brown, and its consistency is that of thin gruel, as the particles of corn from which it has been fermented are allowed to remain in it, adding largely to its nourishing and fattening properties. It is supposed to be intoxicating, but it would require the swallowing qualities of the German beer-drinking student to consume enough of it, as it is ordinarily brought for sale, to cause even a generous exhilaration of spirits. To appreciate it thoroughly it should be stirred up before being poured out. On one occasion, when travelling, I came across apparently an empty hut, at some distance from the road, and in the middle of cultivated land. As one of my boys passed it, he looked in, and shouted out that there were two large jars of beer within, but they were too heavy to move, and each took two good men to carry them a short distance to my wagon. All hands partook freely, including, I blush to add, several of my men who were strict teetotalers in their own, Khamas, country. They did not appreciate being chaffed on the subject, but gave as an excuse that their chief's prohibition against taking alcoholic drinks held only good when they were in their own country. The beer finished, the hour of



GRANITE ROCKS, RISING HIGH IN FANTASTICALLY HEAPED BOULDERS



NATIVE HUTS.

shillings were demanded for an article, a two-shilling piece would not be accepted, but they must have two separate shillings, or the bargain would not be clinched. The ladies are fully as particular in their personal adornments, though the locality, rather than the social standing, seems most to regulate the fashion, whether it be in beads or calico, which is there known as limbo. Quality is quite immaterial, but pattern, and more especially colour, is paramount. At only a day's trekking distance, a red will be contemptuously passed over in silence, while a blue will call forth a murmur of applause. They seem

reckoning came, but not a Mashona was to be seen, though no doubt there were many hidden in the long grass watching our movements; and I had to send over a mile to a kraal just visible on a distant kopje, to get a man to come and receive payment. So accustomed are these people to might being right, and they are such thieves themselves, that they cannot believe in a party stronger than they possessing honesty.

Very curious arrangements had to be made with such people to whom money was unknown. In the early days the article most in demand was the Martini-Henry solid drawn cartridge case, which they highly prized for snuff-boxes and ornaments, but the case had to be of the exact pattern, or it was of no value in their eyes. This would buy a fowl, for which a shilling or even two would be offered in vain. They are, however, rapidly growing wiser in their generation, and on the road down refused to sell except for a shilling, and if two

to be abundantly supplied by nature with pigments, and especially revel in a black unctuous compound to divide their woolly locks into many greasy curls. But so far the ladies have not ventured into the forts, and it is only possible to see them by going into their little kraals, built either on, or close to, granite, bouldery hills, where one receives a smiling welcome, and causes but little outward show of excitement.



CROSSING A FORD.

(To be continued.)

A L I F E S H I S T O R Y

CHAPTER XI.

THE DAY OF TROUBLE.



LILY had not written to Dick, and had not heard from him, since the day when he had offered her his love,

and had asked for hers in return. She knew that he would soon leave Oxford, and then she expected he would come to see her father; and the little maiden, who had a very high opinion of her cousin's talents, hoped that he would be able to prove her father's innocence. To this visit, therefore, she was looking forward hopefully; and perhaps she stayed at home more than was good for her, in order that she might not be out when he should call.

Love had come unto her, and had taken up his abode in her heart. In the past, she had been content to let her thoughts dwell either upon the present or upon some happy bygone time; but now, her imagination bore away to the future. Her mind dwelt upon pleasant possibilities, from which one afternoon she was recalled by the landlady, who, in the most matter-of-fact way, told her that Mr. Soper had called to see her father or herself; and when she looked up, she saw the little man peeping into the room.

"Of course, my dear young lady, your papa has not returned," Samuel Soper

observed, whilst he was putting his hat and coat on a chair. "I don't expect we shall have the pleasure of seeing him for some time."

"I do not expect my father back before the evening; but he may return at any time, Mr. Soper."

"So'er, if you don't mind, my dear. That is the more correct way of pronouncing my name. But as to your papa, 'it may be for years, and it may be for ever,' but I dare say you remember the words of the old song."

Lily was afraid of the little man, who was staring at her impudently; but she answered bravely, "My father is sure to be in this evening, and perhaps you would like to call about nine, or to see him to-morrow by appointment."

"I should be delighted; 'but some are gone to lands far distant, and with strangers made their home.' It's strange," he continued, "the poet says nothing about those who have outrun the constable." Samuel Soper winked at Lily, and then began to hum the air of 'Far away.'

"I don't understand you, sir," Lily replied.

"Well," said Samuel Soper in a condescending tone, "there's nothing like plain language for plain folk; and the fact is your father doesn't fully grasp the difference between *meum* and *tuum*."

Lily looked perplexed, and the little man feared that he had not clearly expressed his meaning.

"Ah! I forgot; it's only those Girton girls that has Latin growing at their fingers' ends," he continued. "In plain English, then, your father, not being well up in law,

has been misled by the popular fallacy, 'Findings keepings, losings seekings.' "

"What has happened to poor papa?" Lily asked.

"Nothing has happened to your poor papa, my dear," the little man replied, "and if he will only give the money back, nothing will happen. But, of course, in the City we don't hold with people taking possession of what they may euphoniously term self-presented testimonials."

"What do you say papa has done?" Lily asked.

"He has unlawfully constituted himself trustee of property that in no wise belonged to him; and he did it without even saying, 'By your leave,' " Samuel Soper replied.

"You will have to talk that over with my father when he returns," Lily answered. "But I am sure he has done nothing that he ought not to have done."

"Why, what biassed little animals women are!" Samuel Soper exclaimed. "A man's been and stolen a hundred pounds off his brother's desk; and here's a girl who declares that, if her father is a criminal, there's nothing wrong in theft. If the old bigamist were to commit murder, I dare say you'd stand by your colours and shout, 'Right again!'"

"Papa is neither a bigamist nor a thief," Lily said angrily. "If you want to see papa, you can call this evening; but I am sure he knows nothing about the money which you say has been stolen."

"Why, my dear, your father has bolted with the notes; but we have the numbers, and so he isn't likely to get off clear," the little man answered.

Lily touched the bell, and then said, "When Mrs. Edwards comes I shall ask her to show you out."

"I like a little go in a girl," Samuel Soper observed, "and I declare you look quite a woman, now that you're in one of your tantrums. But please remember this: a policeman will come here to wait for your father if I go."

Just then Mrs. Edwards entered with a

letter, which she gave to Lily; and the girl, seeing that it was from her father, opened it at once. It was the little note which Philip Thompson had written at the alderman's dictation; there was no address and no date, and it ran as follows:—

"My darling child,—Circumstances over which I have no control force me to leave you; and I may never return. I am innocent; but I dare not stay. You must go to your uncle, and forget me. Do as he tells you in all things; and try and forgive—Your loving father, PHILIP THOMPSON."

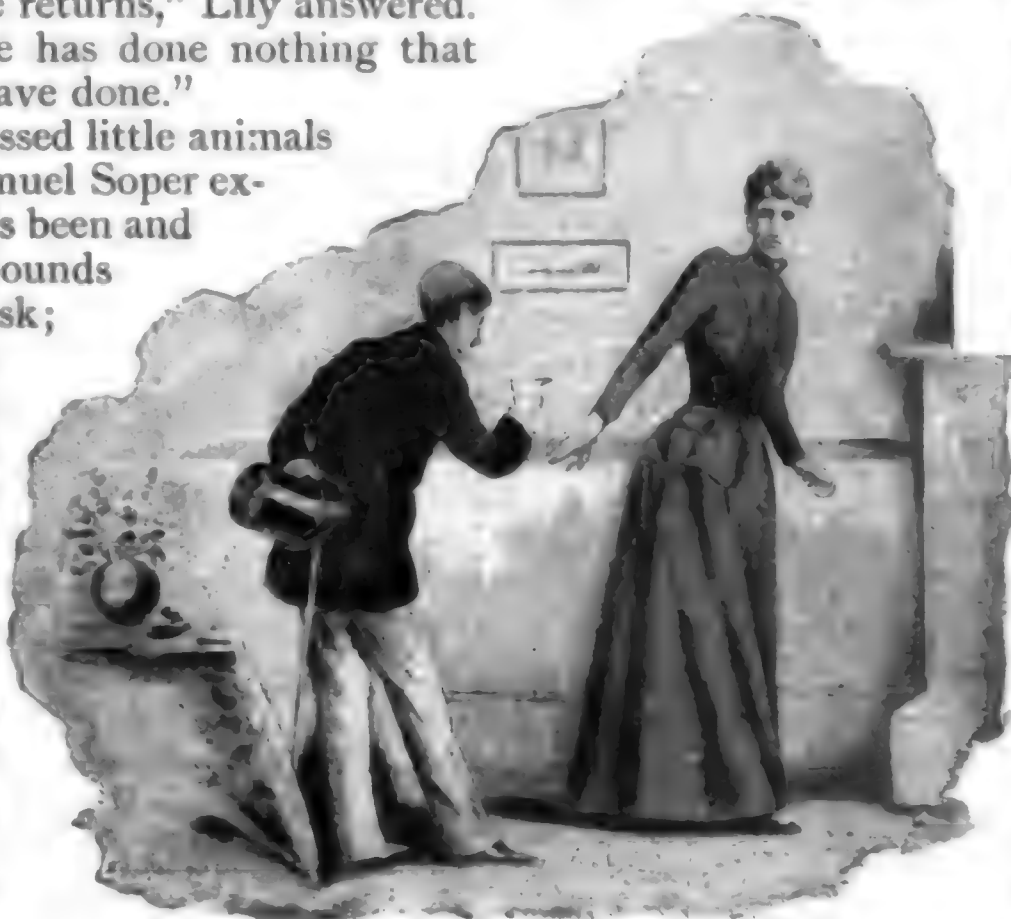
When Lily had read this letter she burst into tears, and in answer to Mrs. Edwards and Samuel Soper, who asked if they could be of any assistance to her, she said she would be glad if they would leave her alone

for a little while. The landlady immediately opened the door for Samuel Soper; but the little man put on his overcoat slowly, watching the poor innocent maiden all the time, as a cat will watch the mouse upon which it is inflicting torture; and then he told Lily that he would return in half-an-hour.

Lily read the note over and over again, but she could alter neither the words

nor their meaning. Her head throbbed with pain, but the mental agony which she suffered was far worse than that of the body. She could not bear to think that her father had left her, and that he would never return, and she tried to hope on, in spite of Soper's words and in spite of her father's letter.

Hope, however, would not come in answer to her summons, and she sank back into a chair as a great sob burst from her. Her young life had been made sombre by her mother's death, but the parting with a fleeting soul that in heaven we shall meet again, does not cause that acute suffering and heart-breaking sorrow which each must know when two who love must part, never on earth to meet again, though both are forced to live on a life of misery.



A POLICEMAN WILL COME, IF I GO.

The scene which had just closed upon her was terribly distinct and vivid, and she held the letter in her hand which proved to her that it was no hideous dream of the night of which she was the victim. She was awake, and she was suffering agony, so acute that it deadened her mind. But she had his note in her hand, and she could tear it and tear it again, and, lo! it was destroyed. Still the fragments lay upon the ground, and she could not blot out the truth.

Then she knelt and said a prayer unto her God, beseeching Him to send relief unto her heavy head and weary heart; but the pain remained with her, and would not pass away. Trembling, she rose from her knees when she heard someone coming, and she tried to listen to what Samuel Soper said; but she could not hear all his words, and she could only gather that her father would never again return unto her, and that in the morning she might go to her uncle's house—if she would.

The hours passed, and she counted them not; the day faded into twilight, and darkness gathered over the face of the earth; but she wot not of these things, being encompassed by her own mighty sorrow. Her father was gone, and she thought of him tenderly, as of one dead; and her mother's spirit rose up before her from out of the solemn past and it seemed to her that for her father, and for herself, there could be happiness only in heaven.

Mrs. Edwards came to her, and tried to comfort her; but the mind of the afflicted maiden was heavily oppressed, and she would not be comforted. She said that she should stay up for her father, and she clung to the faint hope that he would not go away without coming to give her his blessing, and to say a last adieu. At night, she thought, he would come back, when no one would expect him; but her loving heart would be open to him, and she would press him in her arms once more.

Then she would inspire him with some of her courage; and she would not let him go away from her until he had proclaimed his innocence to the world. But the hours were passing, and the night came; and her father did not return. Still,

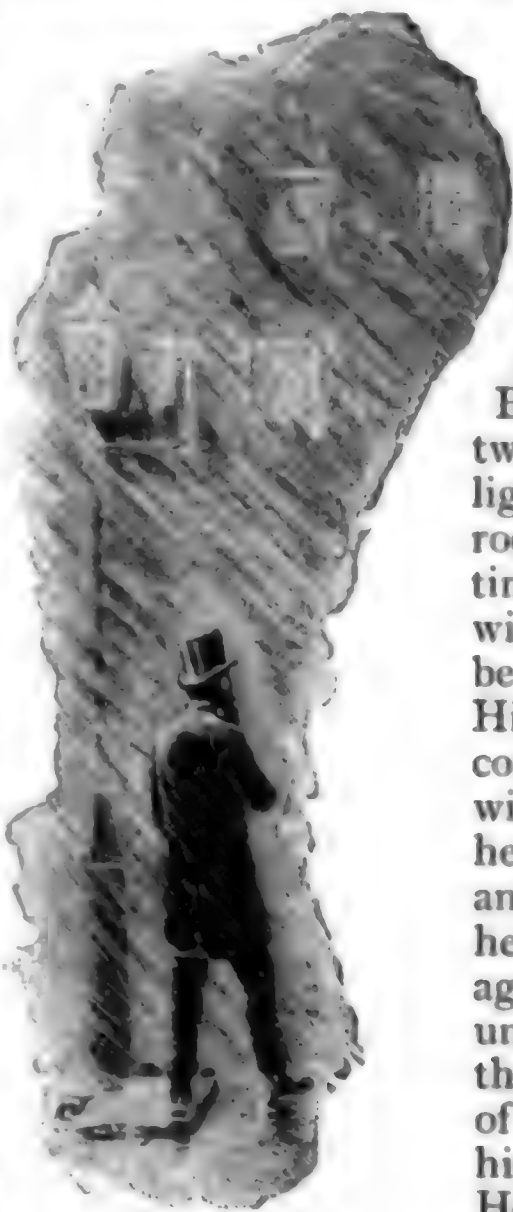
not for a moment did she doubt him; and she waited and wept, until at last, weary and weak with watching, she ceased to be altogether conscious of her pain.

Outside, the wind howled, and the rain fell in torrents; but in spite of the rough weather a man walked up and down the street, and every now and then he looked up at the window, and more than once he was rewarded for his pains with a sight of the pale face of the fair maiden watching for him. But her eyes could not see out into the darkness, or not for long would they have been parted.

Philip had already suffered for her dear sake; and there was still much for him to endure, he thought, in order that Lily's reversionary right to her dead mother's property might not be placed in jeopardy. When he had left his brother he had wandered about, caring not whither he went; and by chance he had found himself in the Strand. Then he remembered that Soper and another Mary Smith were the two witnesses to his father's will, the genuineness of which he had at first disputed; and it occurred to him that he might see the register of marriage. But this proved conclusively that Philip Thompson had been married to one Mary Smith, and the poet left Somerset House, and continued to wander about hopelessly.

When night came on he went to Keppel Street, and he walked up and down, hoping to see Lily at the window. This hope was realised, and he did not mind the rain or the wind, pour and howl as they would.

But when the clocks had struck twelve he wondered why the light still burned in the sitting room; and when, after a long time, Lily appeared again at the window, he knew that she must be suffering bitter pain for him. His eyes gazed at her, but they could not see as clearly as he wished, and he longed to go to her, to say one word of comfort, and to bid a last adieu. But he felt sure that, if he were once again by her side, he would be unable to tear himself away, and then there would be the scandal of the trial, and Lily would share his disgrace if he were convicted. He was loth to leave her, but he could not stay there any



IN THE RAIN.

longer, looking up at the pale face of the girl he loved far more than his life, of which the best part had already passed away.

There was a sharp struggle between his own selfish desire and his power of self-sacrifice ; but he thought of her in the future, poor and unprotected, without a legal right to the name she bore, and with a father either dead or immured in some convict prison. Had he been alone in the world he would gladly have risked his liberty for the chance of proving his innocence, though he fully understood how small that chance was. But he could not risk the future of the little maiden, whom his wife in heaven had entrusted to his care ; and after one last look at his daughter's face he went quietly away.

Since breakfast he had taken nothing, and his strength was almost exhausted. Still he managed to drag himself along, going he cared not whither, now that he was an outcast, fleeing from all he loved, and from the officers of the law. By chance he took the way towards St. Pancras Station, and he saw the lights in the distance, and remembered that from there he could travel to Liverpool, whence he could get to any part of the world. He entered the waiting room, and sat down to warm himself by the fire ; he was wet through and weary, and it was painful now even to stand.

There was an early train to Liverpool, and when he had bought a ticket and had taken a seat in a third-class carriage, the train slowly drew out of the station, and then faster it sped across the country, bearing him away to the future in which he would have to bear much pain, and could hope for no happiness. He was alone in the carriage, and it occurred to him that it would be well if he were to die, leaving no means by which he could be identified. Then, he thought, Lily would have suffered

the pang of parting, and she would not have to endure it again.

Still he said a prayer, as was his wont when in doubt or difficulty ; and when the words of the good but simple man had sped unto their bourne he was comforted, and he resolved that, come what might, he would not, even for his daughter's sake, commit the only sin for which, on earth, there can be no repentance.

Anon, the morning light streamed down, as the day dawned in its glory ; and Lily ceased to watch, knowing then that there was no hope of her father's return. Her

eyes were red with weeping, her hair was dishevelled, and her cheeks were pale and wan ; and, crying bitterly, she wrung her hands, and was insensible to everything except the deep wound in her heart.

Early in the morning Mrs. Edwards saw the weeping girl, and to this good woman Lily told all her troubles. The old family servant had faith in Philip Thompson, and would not believe him guilty ; and she spoke comforting words to the little maiden in distress, and advised her to go to her uncle's house.

"Not," the true-hearted woman said, "that you're not wel-

come here ; but you will be more comfortable there ; and if they don't treat you kindly you can always come back to us, and we shall only be too glad to have you."

She assisted Lily to pack, and agreed to take care of Philip's clothes, so that they would be there, ready for him, "when he returned." They both said "when he returned," but the word "if" struggled for predominance, and in the mind of each gained the victory. They tried to be cheerful, but sorrow had come and had conquered, and there was no room left in their hearts for hope.

Samuel Soper arrived ; and he noticed that Lily was dressed in deep mourning,



MRS. EDWARDS SPOKE COMFORTING WORDS.

that her eyes were red, and that she could scarcely stand without assistance ; but as the landlady was present, he neither scoffed at the girl nor spoke ill of her father.

Before they were ready to start for the station, a man brought a beautiful canary in a pretty cage for Lily, and her address was written on the back of one of Dick's cards. At any other time she would have been delighted with such a present ; and even then it was pleasant to be reminded of her cousin's love. Still they could never be united ; and she determined to tell Dick the reason at the first opportunity. Her father's words were all the more sacred to her now ; and she would not disobey him, though she knew that it would cause her bitter pain to render obedience.

They started for the station ; and she took the canary with her, though Samuel Soper warned her that he did not think her uncle would allow her to keep the bird. At Liverpool Street Station the little man took a third-class ticket for Lily ; and when Mrs. Edwards, seeing how comfortless the carriages were, remonstrated with him, he only grinned and walked away.

"I am very poor, now, Mrs. Edwards," Lily said, "and what class I travel is a matter of no importance ; but your kindness has been of the greatest service to me, and I should never have been here without your help."

"You will promise to come back to my house if you are not comfortable at your uncle's ?" Mrs. Edwards asked, taking the girl's hand in hers.

"Indeed I will, Mrs. Edwards. If uncle says unkind things of papa I shall come back to you, and work for my living," Lily answered.

"Never mind about the work," the good woman replied. "We are not poor now ; and we owe all we have to your mother, who helped us to start in the business."

They kissed each other, and shed a few tears together. Then the train started, and half an hour later Lily was at Romford. There, she had to say who she was to the grand livery servant, who was looking for her in the first-class carriages ; but after the short drive to the house, she received from her aunt a hearty welcome.

The alderman's wife was a pale, thin woman, with a sallow face, sunken eyes,

and a red nose ; but though she had suffered much from her husband's cruelty, and had given way to a craving for drink, she had not been altogether corrupted, and she had still a longing for human love.

When her husband had told her that Lily was coming, she began to look forward with pleasure to having a companion in the house, and though she tried to conceal her joy, the alderman became aware of it, and he said that she was neither to go to the station nor to rush out to the door to receive the poor girl, who was dependent on his charity.

Lily was, nevertheless, heartily welcomed by her aunt, and before they had been long together each had gained the confidence of the other. The burden of sorrow which each had to bear was a grievous one, but kindly sympathy and loving words will do much to alleviate the lot even of those most heavily laden.

"I did so want to see your mother when she was dying," Mrs. Thompson said sadly, "but my husband was afraid I should make a scene, and he would not even let me see her in her coffin."

Lily kissed her aunt, and they both wept ; and when the alderman's wife had wiped away her tears, she continued :—

"I was grieved when I heard that your father had married again so soon after your poor mother's death, for that is what the woman who calls herself your father's wife made me understand. I received her in an uncompromising way, because I thought my husband might be angry if I were too friendly or too distant ; but I never believed that Philip was married to her before he knew your mother, and never will. As to Samuel Soper, who was one of the witnesses, he boasts that he's sharp and sly, and I should not wonder if he were to swear on his death-bed that he's a Christian, just to cheat Satan of his due."

Only to one who believed in her father's innocence could Lily have spoken of him now, though it was a relief to her to speak to such a one, who sympathised with her in her sorrow. So the two women wept and comforted one another, and then, as grass will grow over a fresh grave, a little hope sprang up on the ashes of the past that was dead and gone.

(To be continued).

ALTERED

BY
Annie Thomas



MRS DALMAIN stood before her cheval-glass,

which was becomingly draped with the palest rose-pink muslin, and gazed at the reflection of herself with considerable satisfaction.

Widow's weeds had not been becoming to her complexion. Her pale, creamy skin, star-like eyes of forget-me-not blue, and rich chestnut, slightly threaded with gold hair, required less dingy surroundings.

This day she had gone into the palest tinted, softest textured grey, touched up with pink, that had stolen its hue from a wild rose petal. The effect of this was to make her so bewitchingly pretty, that she would have kissed her image in the glass out of unbounded admiration for it, had she not been restrained by the feeling, that to do so would look childish, not to say idiotic, in the eyes of her maid.

She had a thoroughly good feminine reason for wishing to look her very best this day. A year ago, in the earliest days of her widow-hood, she had met the man who was dearer to her than life, and he had at last almost asked her to be his wife when the days of her mourning for her unlamented husband were over. He was coming to see her to-day, after a year's absence from England, an absence which had been judiciously planned and carried out, to avoid comment from scandal-mongering tongues; and she wanted to make her appearance justify that choice of her, which he had made first, five years before, and had repeated, twelve months ago.

The new dress was a triumph of the costume architect's skill. It lengthened and

narrowed her apparently just exactly where she required to be lengthened and narrowed. She turned away from the prolonged contemplation of herself with a beaming smile, and addressed her maid complacently.

"Take out that silver medal belt, Caxon, the one Mr. Dalmain gave me when we were in Malta, four years ago. It will go beautifully with this silver and pink frock. Mr. Dalmain used to say I was one of the very few women who could wear a belt of medals, they are so trying to most figures."

The maid obeyed with a smile, but when Mrs. Dalmain essayed to put it round her



MRS. DALMAIN STOOD BEFORE HER GLASS.

waist, she found that it would just stretch across her back! that was all.

Once more Mrs. Dalmain fronted round and faced her maid, but this time there was consternation, not complacency, depicted on her countenance.

"Some of the medals must have been taken out," she gasped, "the belt is shorter than it was; see! it won't meet by inches."

Caxon coughed, and covered her mouth with her hand.

"Any working jeweller can tell you if the belt has been tampered with, madam," she said; "it has been under my charge ever since you have had it. Perhaps the difficulty about its meeting, lies in the fact that you have grown"—she paused, then added, in an undertone—"a little stouter."

"Stouter! I don't see it."

She tugged away at the belt as she spoke, but though she grew crimson in the face from her exertions, there was still an appalling space of waist unencircled. Finally she flung the belt upon the floor, and exclaimed in an exasperated manner—

"Why didn't you tell me I was getting fat? I might have left off something, or taken something to preserve my figure! Now it is too late!"

Caxon picked up the belt and answered submissively—

"Not at all too late, ma'am, if you object to being prettily plump and rounded. There is a great deal in diet. If you live low and take plenty of exercise, I warrant you'll be able to get this belt round your waist in six months."

"Six months! but to-day! to-day I must look—well, anything but a sylph, and it's to-day that I want to look my best."

"Very few ladies could look better," said Caxon flatteringly, and with this small meed of comfort Mrs. Dalmain was forced to be content, as she entered her pretty drawing-room and awaited her lover.

She was thoroughly well up in the fine art of arranging her scenery and accessories

so as best to display her personal charms. The light was deftly subdued by draperies of Persian silk. There was not an acute angle in the room. Everything was as softly rounded by padding and cushions and sumptuous draperies as was her own rotund form. Pale pink roses filled every available nook and corner, every bracket and flower receptacle in the room. At her feet was stretched an enormous golden-yellow greyhound, and on a cushion that matched the roses in hue a huge grey Persian cat was coiled up. By turning her head ever so slightly she could get a clear view of herself in a mirror that occupied a

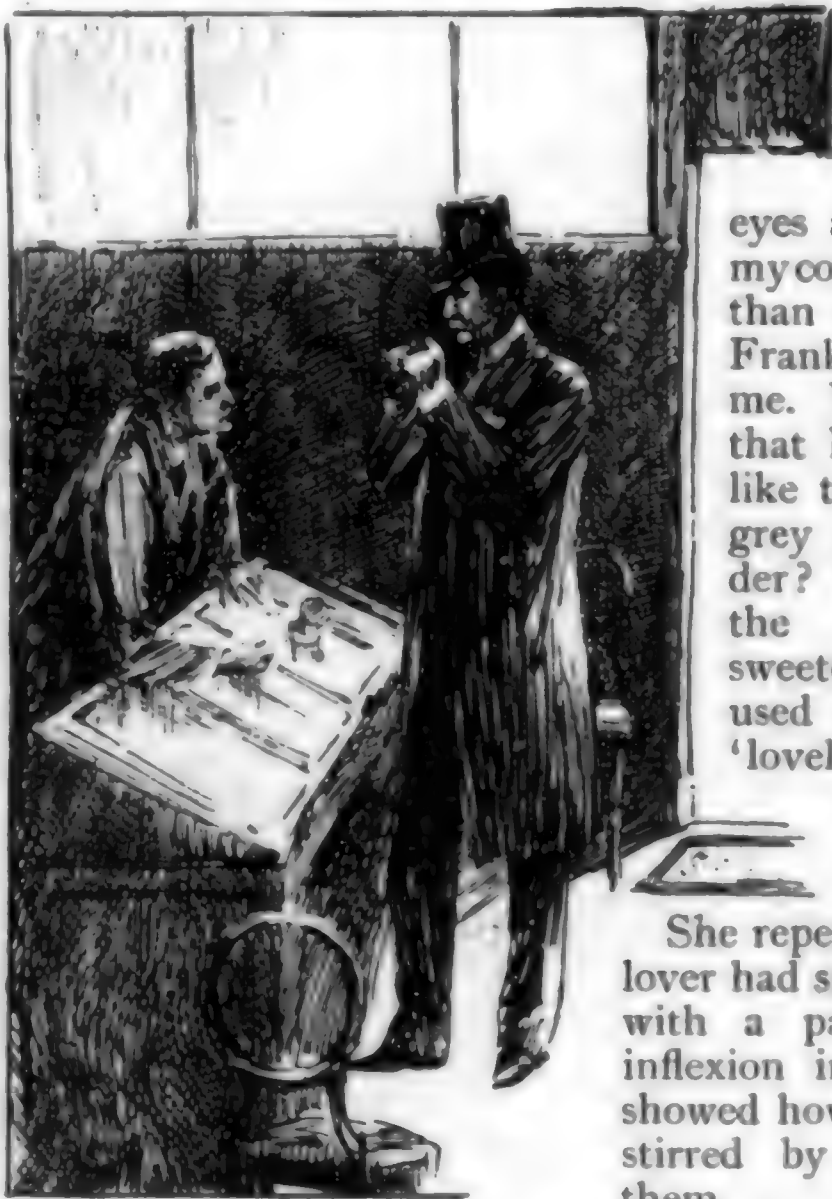
corner at the far end of the room.

"I am pretty!" she said to herself delightedly, "my

eyes are as bright and my complexion is clearer than it was when first Frank fell in love with me. Will he remember that he always used to like to see me in silver grey and pink, I wonder? Will he think me the 'loveliest and sweetest woman' as he used to think me the 'loveliest and sweetest girl that ever graced God's earth?'"

She repeated the words her lover had spoken so long ago, with a passionately tender inflexion in her voice that showed how strongly she was stirred by the memory of them.

Meanwhile Frank Gresham, the man for whom she was waiting with such flatteringly fond impatience, was on his way to call upon her, and looking forward to the interview with a mixture of dread and curiosity. He had only seen her once since that day five years ago when she had told him she was going to marry rich, middle-aged, Mr. Dalmain. This solitary occasion of seeing her as a matron had been when she was a widow of two months' standing, and somehow they had come to a tacit understanding that when her year of mourning was over they should meet and renew the old terms again. During the whole of this year he had been thinking



AT THE JEWELLER'S.

of her rather constantly. Recalling her pretty ways and graceful gestures, and the admirable way she had of managing the exquisite figure whose symmetry even more than her lovely face had subjugated him.

He had spent the morning in selecting a ring for her. A splendid brilliant, "large enough to cover the width of one of her slim fingers," he told himself, opening the case and looking at it as he approached her house. Then the hansom stopped, and almost before he realized that his important mission would be fulfilled before he crossed the threshold again, he was admitted by a fluent page and ushered upstairs into the presence of his former love, so soon to be his plighted wife.

He made a striking figure, she thought proudly, as he hesitated for a moment before advancing to take her outstretched hand. A tall, broad-shouldered, soldier-like man, bronzed slightly, but otherwise unaltered from the handsome subaltern who had wooed and nearly won her five years ago. Her voice shook with emotion as she said :

"Ah! Captain Gresham, I am so glad,—so more than glad to see you." The sweet, soft bloom deepened on her pretty face, her eyes melted into dangerous tenderness, her rosy lips quivered with the agitation of extreme happiness. He hated himself for being unable to respond to these demonstrations of loving joy and gladness! But he could not do it. He stood there in hesitating, awkward uncertainty, more like a school-boy expecting punishment, than a gallant cavalry officer who had won the Order for Distinguished Service in the Field. He could not control the expression of his face, that tell-tale expression which told of such disappointment and surprise! The lovely

woman whose slender, supple form had been engraved on his memory, had vanished, and in her place stood one whom he could not recognize. The thick, tightly girted in waist, the shoulders that were so rounded with fat, that they looked like a huge pin cushion, the double chin, and fat, stumpy hands! Was it possible that the sylph he had loved, and to whom he had been so faithful for so many years, could be hidden away anywhere beneath this mass of too, too solid flesh?

Over and over again during all these years of his idealization of her, while she had been unattainable, he had assured himself that he did not love her for her grace and loveliness alone, but for those sterling qualities of head and heart which he believed her to possess. But now that the grace had gone from her figure, and the loveliness had become such as a flesh-loving Turk takes delight in in women, the thought of her sterling qualities of head and heart had no binding power over him.

She had lowered her eyes timidly, as he approached her in bashful, happy expectancy. But though her hand lingered in his confidingly, there came no answering pressure from his firm, strong hand. The fact was, he was thinking that her fingers felt like little warm sausages, and was grizzling at the idea of how some of our fellows would laugh in their sleeves at him, when he presented them to the now obese woman whom he had been in the habit of speaking of as the "Fairy Queen."

"Have you had a very good time at Malta? I suppose you were desolated at being ordered home?" she asked, with what she meant to be a little fascinating, arch grimace; and as she spoke she



CAPTAIN GRESHAM HESITATED A MOMENT.

sank back in her fat armchair and filled it comfortably.

"I could have rubbed on very well at Malta for another year or two. You see I have no ties in England—"

The colour ebbed from her face as he spoke, and the sight of her ashy paleness checked him. Her eyes were fixed upon him with a pitifully imploring expression. If he could have seen nothing but those eyes, the anguish they expressed would have brought him to her feet again; but he could not contemplate that expanse of fat cheek, and that feather bed form with anything like a lover's fervour. It was unreasonable of her, he told himself, in his embarrassment and perplexity to expect him to fulfil the vows spoken and implied which he had proffered to a woman who was completely hidden away in the spacious form upon which he was now gazing.

Still, embarrassed and perplexed as he was, he could not keep silence any longer, and as she seemed indisposed to help him by broaching any topic he took refuge in a severely common-place one.

"This perfect weather makes one long to get out of town," he hazarded, and she replied—

"You have indeed wearied of it soon. I understood that you only came to London yesterday?"



HER HEART WAS VERY, VERY SORE.

"That's so," he laughed uneasily; "but I must plead guilty to being tired of it already. I am thinking of running up to Scotland, to see my sister. I suppose you will be leaving town soon, every one is going?"

She was resting her elbow on the arm of her chair, supporting her cheek on her hand. Her heart was very, very sore, and there were tears of pain and disappointment in her eyes. Why had he come to see her at

all if he had only come to make manifest to her that he was changed towards her—that he had grown cold and indifferent? If he had stayed away she might have thought him neglectful, but she would not have thought him cruel, as she did now.

He was so little changed in personal appearance that it seemed only like yesterday that he had held her in his arms, and lavished kisses on her loving, upturned face, and told her how he adored her! She had been weak and fickle, she admitted; that is to say, she had allowed her family to worry and persuade her into marrying kind, wealthy Mr. Dalmain. But Frank had forgiven her perfidy long ago, and just

a year since had led her to think that he loved her still! What could have happened in the interim to alter him? Another woman? She would know the worst at once!

"Tell me of your plans after you have paid your sister a visit," she said gently. You said in your letter that you hoped to settle down in dear old England, and have done with soldiering."

"I find I can't do it," he said quickly; "the service is dearer to me than anything else in life."

Her colour heightened, and her pride was stirred. For the first time since entering the room he felt a throb of admiration for her as she held her head up and said:

"I admire your enthusiasm for your profession, still, I shall hope to hear soon that you have found even dearer interest in life. When you have found one you will let me know her, won't you? We are such old friends that you won't deprive me of a sight of your happiness."

He glanced at her quickly, and was a little nettled to find that she was speaking of his possible marriage to another woman with smiling lips and an unruffled brow. "She's absolutely heartless," he told himself; "no wonder she has grown so fat! she only cares for herself." Aloud he said:

"You are very kind, but I am not likely to claim your interest for the event you

hint at. I shall never marry."

He spoke gloomily, and looked at her reproachfully, as if she were to blame for his weak-heartedness and change of feeling towards her. But she had strung herself up to the pitch of being coolly and brightly irresponsible to anything approaching to a softer feeling on his part. So she only laughed good temperedly, showed her pretty white teeth, and said unconcernedly :

"Ah! well, I am sorry to hear you say that, but you'll change those sentiments soon, I hope. And now, tell me if I can be of any use to you while you are in London. Do you go in for dancing?—if so, I can get you any number of balls."

"I never was a dancing man; surely you remember that."

"Were you not? I had forgotten; besides, people change, don't they? And though you were not a dancing man then, you might be now. Of course, I never dream of such a thing for myself, I am too old and fat."

He shuddered as he listened to her. How could she speak lightly of an affliction that had shocked him out of love of her. If he had known what a strain she was putting on herself in order to keep from breaking down and bursting in to tears of baffled love and bitter disappointment, he would not have thought her the calm, cow-like creature he did think her in his wrath.

There was not any good to be gained by staying any longer, he felt. Still he did not like to leave her without ascertaining for a certainty that he should see her again. When he had got over the first sting of disappointment at the loss of her fair proportions, it would be pleasant to see her again as a friend. The fat of a friend can never be as obnoxious as the fat of a lover, and her face would always be sweet, comely, and comfortable to look upon, in spite of that double chin.

Accordingly, when he rose to take his leave, he asked permission to call upon her on his return from Scotland, and she

granted it as cheerfully as if her heart had not been aching with wounded love and vanity. But when he was gone she shut herself up in the dark and cried wearily for hours over the ruins of the fond hopes of a year.

London became hateful to her after this episode. Many of her dearest feminine friends had partly guessed the secret that had made her bear her first year of widowhood so complacently. Moreover, as the time of his arrival had drawn near, she had announced his coming with a peculiar air of flattering triumph, that had told its own tale to more than one astute one. The

pity of the crowd was a thing which she felt she must flee from. Accordingly, she let her pretty, luxuriously furnished little house, put down her brougham, and went away to a remote village in Cheshire, the neighbourhood of which was so exclusive, she was told, that she need not fear any invasion upon her solitude.

It was deadly dull, this solitude; still it was better than being liable to receive compassionate looks and words from the many who knew that she had been thrown over. The worst of it was that she could neither blot out nor hate the image of the man who had treated her so badly. She dwelt unceasingly upon all that was manliest and most charming, both in his character and his appearance. In

a word, she fretted as hopelessly and continually as any love-sick girl. She slept fitfully, she lost her appetite; but she walked, and rode about on a little rough pony, incessantly, in the endeavour to keep thought at bay.

There was no rose-coloured draped mirror in her room now. She never stole shy, admiring glances at the reflection of herself in these dull days. Why should she do so, indeed, when evidently her appearance had ceased to please *him*?

For several months she stayed on in her uncongenial, out-of-the-way home, battling with the hungry desire she felt to hear



ALONE IN CHESHIRE.

about him. Had he taken the advice which she had seemed to tender him with such warm sincerity? Had he found a fresh—and fairer—interest in life than she had ever been to him? Or was he lapsing into selfish old bachelorhood out of fickle inability to remain constant to any one woman? By Christmas the desire to know the worst was so over-mastering that she suddenly found the cottage a detestably cold and draughty residence, and went back to London, to Caxon's unconcealed delight.

Indifferent as Mrs. Dalmain had grown to the fashionable and becoming, she was not quite off her mental balance; therefore she realized that the gowns she had existed in in Cheshire were not to be thought of in town. Her tailor and dress-maker took her in hand with such sympathetic pleasure as was utterly unaccountable to her; but she resigned herself to them and to Caxon without making a feint of resistance, though she looked in the glass as little as ever.

One night she had just taken her seat in a stall at the Savoy, when, through the sudden cessation of a deafening noise from the orchestra, she heard the following words:—

"—— face is pretty, but *what* a lovely figure!"

The voice, a woman's, seemed very familiar to Mrs. Dalmain. Some chord in her memory was touched by the tone, but she could not recall ever having met a woman with such a thrilling voice as this. Half turning

her head she saw in the row behind her, just a little to her left, a stately, beautiful woman, and Captain Gresham.

"His wife, of course," she thought, and the music died away in her ears, and the stage reeled before her eyes. For a few moments she was more than half fainting, then she recovered herself and kept her head rigidly turned away from the pair, the mere sight of whom had upset all her hardly acquired philosophy of the last few months.

How endless the enthralling "Gondoliers" seemed to her that night. At length it was nearly over, the moment for her release would soon arrive. She was drawing her cloak closer round her in preparation for her flight, when her heart nearly leapt out of her body at the sound of the words:

"Mrs. Dalmain—Kitty! let me introduce my sister, Mrs. Byng, to you, and" (in a whisper) "let me come and tell you to-morrow what I was fool enough to be afraid of saying six months ago."

Of course she let him, and equally of course she forgave him for the "dilatoriness" and "want of confidence in himself" which had tongue-tied him. He kept his own counsel, and she never knew that she had temporarily been a revolting object in his eyes.

"The feeling that you are not absolutely sure of me is the best anti-fat," Captain Gresham thought, as he looked at his beautiful bride on their wedding-day; and in the interests of her appearance, her grace and beauty, he resolved never to lull her into false security



WHAT A LOVELY FIGURE!

The First Time of Asking.

BY FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

The first time of asking

She blushed and hung her head,
She liked him as a—as a—friend,
But nothing more," she said ;
She hoped he would forget her,
And his heart he would not break,
And he might have the rose she wore,
And keep it for her sake.

The second time of asking

She was going far away,
They would not meet to-morrow,
Or for many a long, long day ;
And he asked her if she loved him,
And he said he loved her so,
But she sighed "she must be going,"
And yet—she did not go !

The third time of asking

She never spoke at all,
But softly in the starlight,
He saw her teardrops fall ;
Then lifting up her eyes to his,
She nestled to his breast,
For the love that is unspoken,
Is the love that is the best !





AUGUSTUS SERENADED HIS LADY-LOVE

THE whole county of Ratland did not contain any handsomer or more accomplished young rat than Augustus Druriolanus ; and " His blood was blue and his heart was true, his fur was light and his honour bright," as he told his lady-love every night when he serenaded her, banjo in hand.

Isabella Muchmoney gave her heart to the gay and gallant troubadour at the first time of asking ; but the lovers were doomed to learn that the course of true love never did run smooth. Augustus, though he could trace his pedigree back to the rats who were saved in the ark, was only a poor actor ; and he did not chance to please the fair Isabella's papa, who was rich almost beyond the dreams of avarice.

It was during the boating season, when the two young rats first found love gnawing at their hearts ; and Isabella's parents were living in a house-boat, whilst Augustus was camping-out on the river bank.



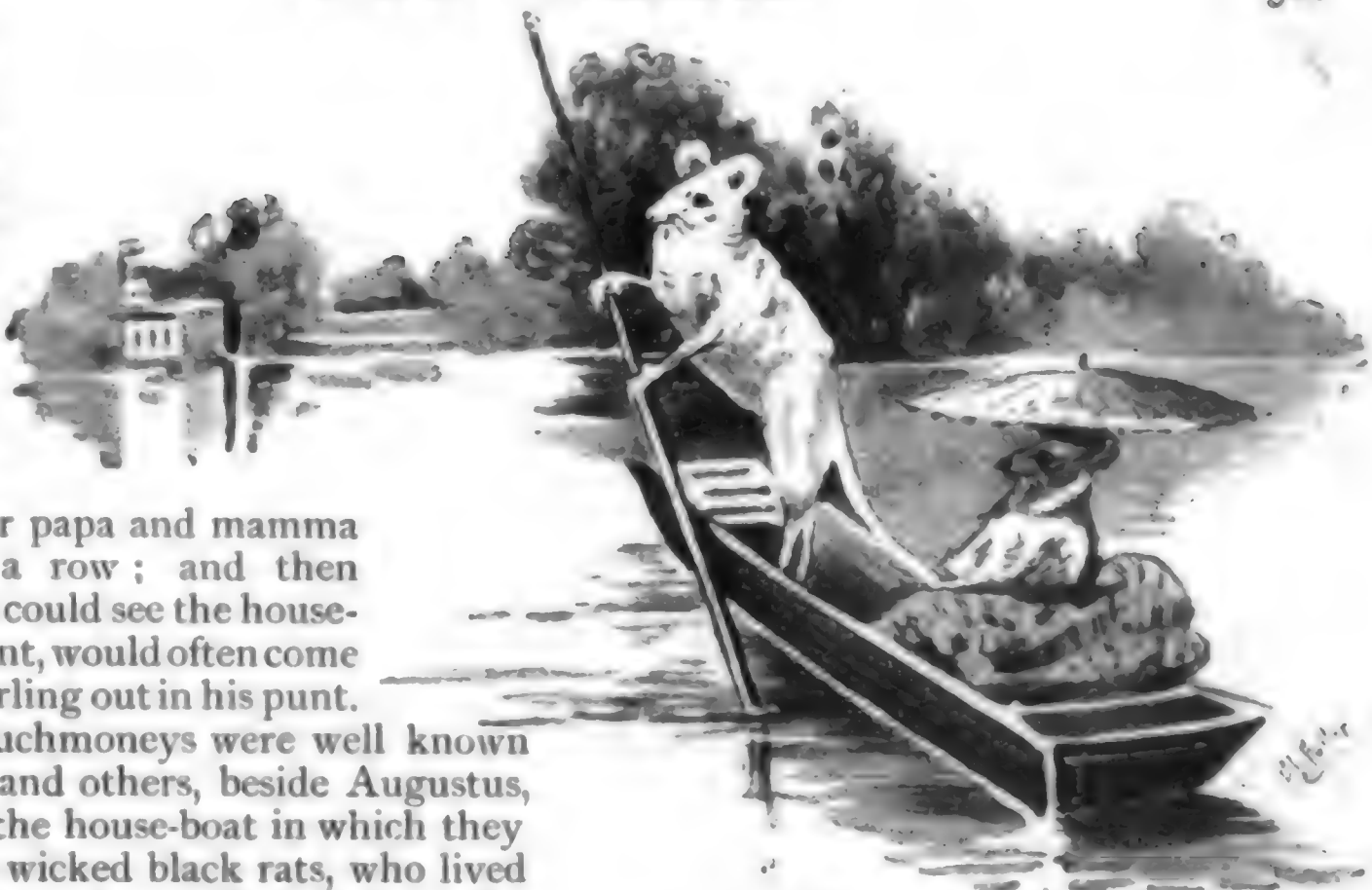
SOME WICKED BLACK RATS HAD DETERMINED TO ROB THE MUCHMONEYS

All is fair in love and war ; and, as Augustus was refused admission to the house-boat by Isabella's parents, she used to make some excuse in order to stay at home when her papa and mamma went out for a row ; and then Augustus, who could see the house-boat from his tent, would often come and take his darling out in his punt.

Now the Muchmoneys were well known to be wealthy, and others, beside Augustus, used to watch the house-boat in which they resided. Some wicked black rats, who lived in a coal barge and supplied fuel to the aristocratic visitors, had determined to rob the Muchmoneys of all their family plate, which was worth a small fortune, and even if sold at a sacrifice would yield sufficient funds to provide cheese and rare-bits for several generations of black rats, who are not as dainty as their white brethren.

One afternoon, when all the Muchmoneys were out, those wicked black rats went to rob the house-boat ; and they knocked at the door and called out "Coals, who'll buy !" After waiting some time for an answer, they broke open the door, collected the family plate in a large box, and took it to an old ruined mill.

Isabella, on reaching the house-boat after spending the evening in the punt, was quite overcome by the misfortune ; and Augustus



THE LOVERS IN THE PUNT.

remained by her side, until her parents, who were being entertained by the principal residents of the neighbourhood, returned home.

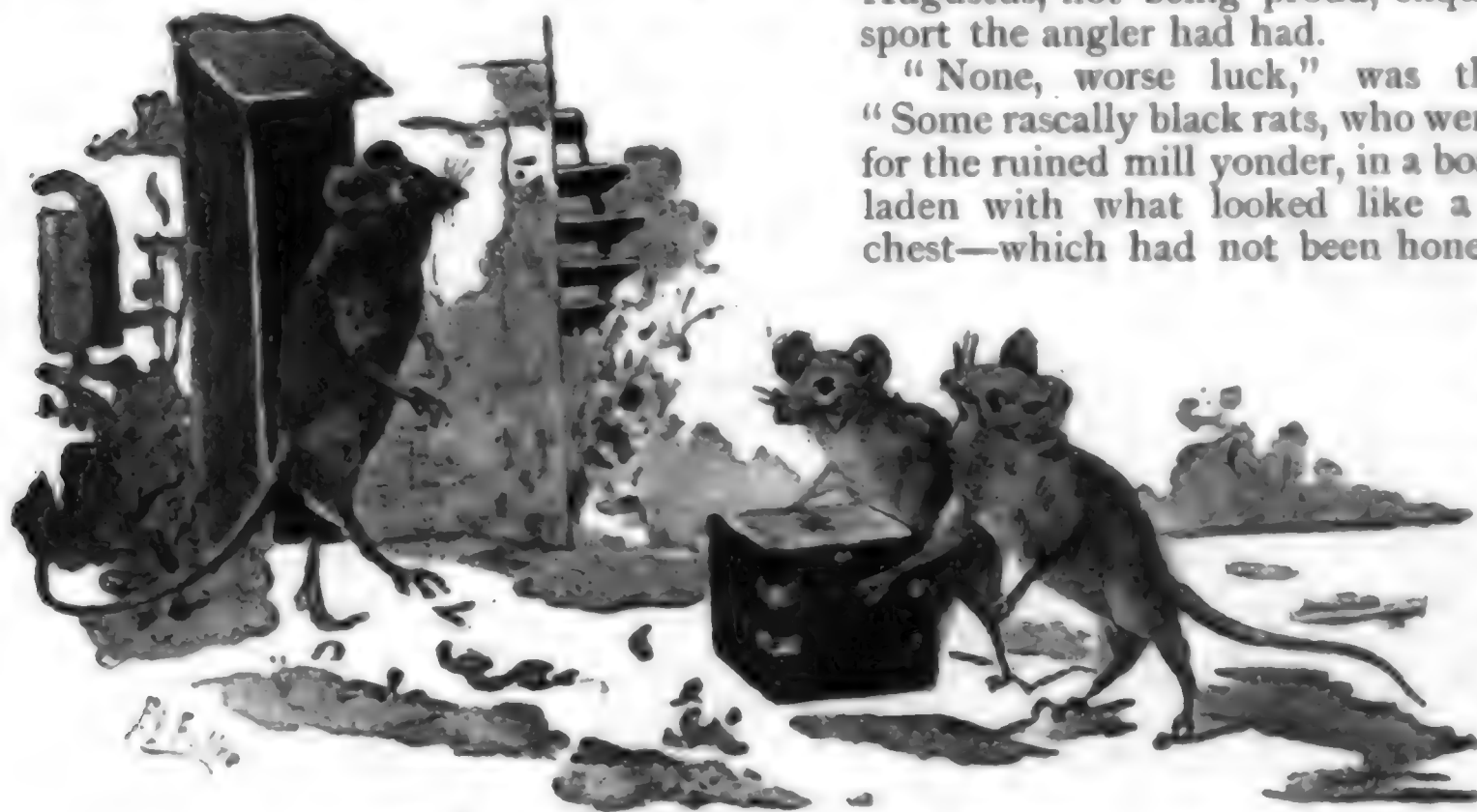
Then there was a scene ; and Isabella and her mother indulged in hysterics, and her father in strong language, which was certainly not lacking in expletives.

Augustus, however, never lost his presence of mind ; and he undertook to recover the stolen property, or die in the attempt.

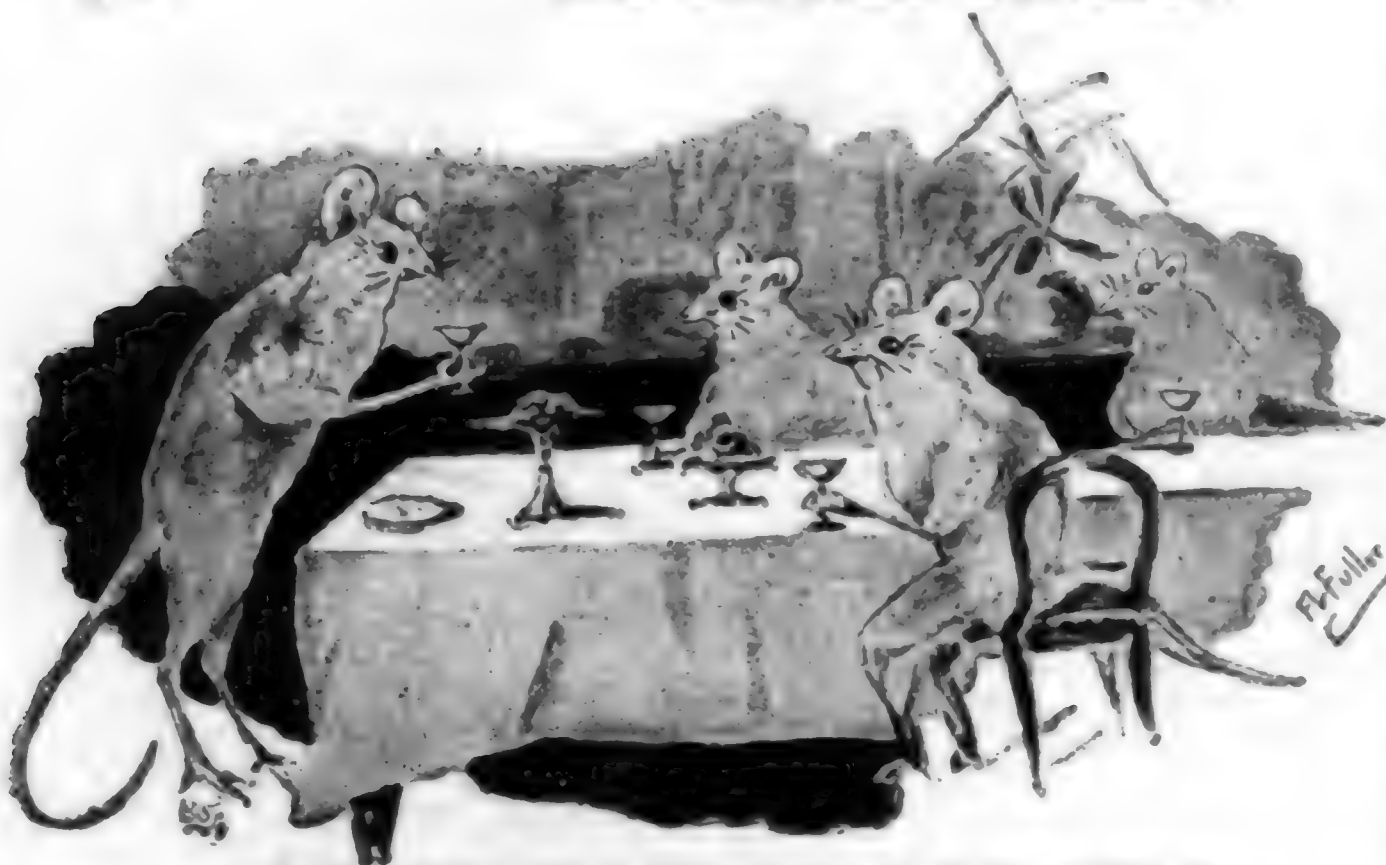
When the Muchmoneys had somewhat recovered from the first effects of the shock, Augustus set off on his quest of the family plate ; and Dame Fortune favoured him, as she generally favours young heroes who are as good as they are handsome. Going down the stream, he met a worthy rat who earned an honest livelihood by fishing ; and Augustus, not being proud, enquired what sport the angler had had.

"None, worse luck," was the reply. "Some rascally black rats, who were making for the ruined mill yonder, in a boat heavily laden with what looked like a treasure-chest—which had not been honestly come

by, I'll be bound—actually threw a stone into the water as they passed, and frightened away all the fish."



THE BLACK RATS TOOK THE BOOTY TO THE RUINED MILL.



THE MUNCHMONEYS WERE ENTERTAINED BY THE PRINCIPAL RESIDENTS.

"Civility costs nothing, and pays well," thought Augustus, as he thanked the gentle angler, and directed his course towards the old ruined mill, where he and Isabella had plighted their troth upon the occasion of a picnic.

Armed with a pistol, and supported by a good conscience—without which even the wearer of ermine will be wretched—he entered the mill, and soon heard the voices of the villains, who were unable to agree as to the division of the booty. The rogues were surprised, and though three to one, they did not dare to resist the brave and handsome Augustus; and they were made prisoners, and subsequently sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

Augustus, having handed

cover his property—all welcomed the successful Augustus most cordially.

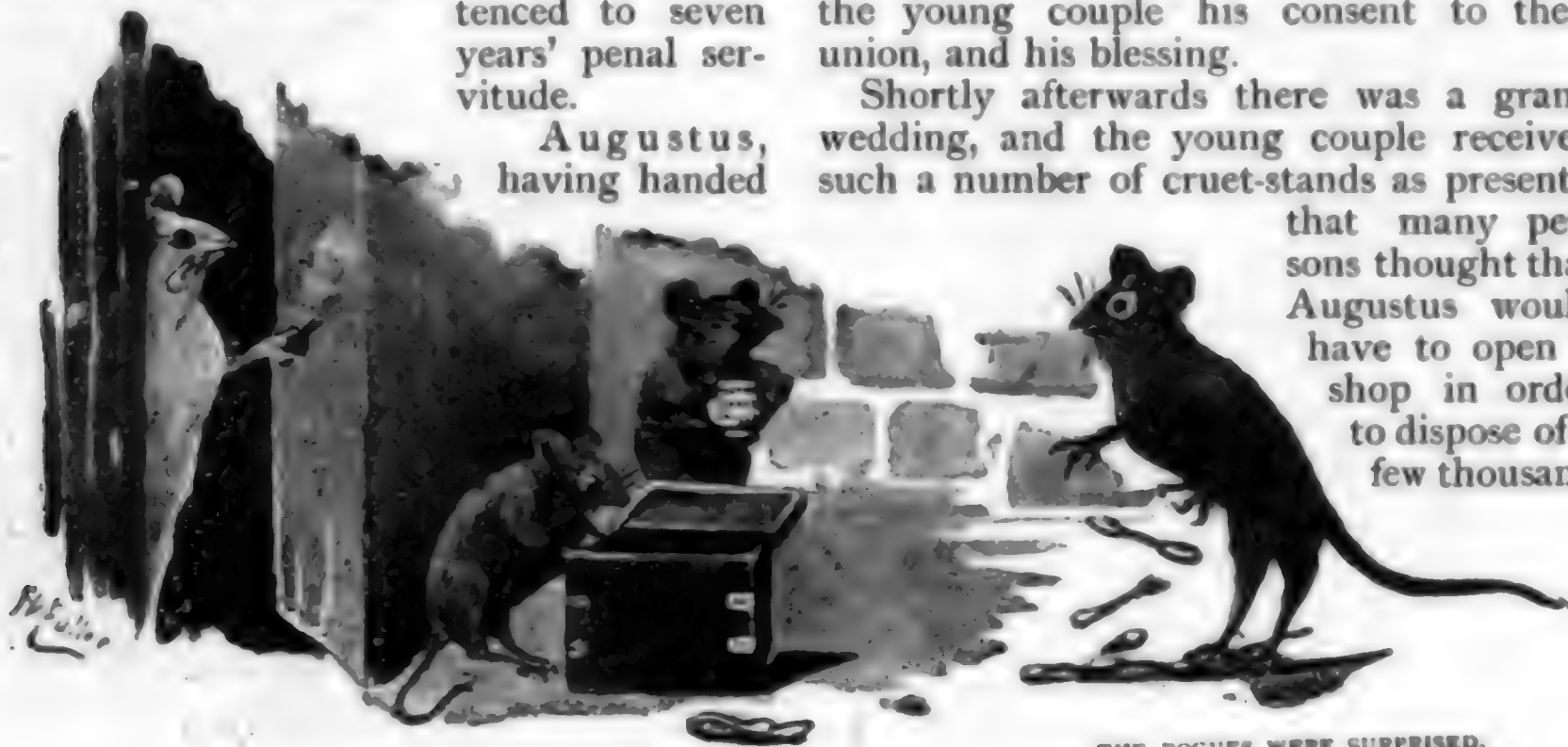
Isabella, sobbing, threw her arms around



THE ANGLER WAS DISTURBED BY THE ROGUES.

her lover's neck; and then, whilst her mamma was looking at the recovered family plate, the head of the family gave the young couple his consent to their union, and his blessing.

Shortly afterwards there was a grand wedding, and the young couple received such a number of cruet-stands as presents, that many persons thought that Augustus would have to open a shop in order to dispose of a few thousand



THE ROGUES WERE SURPRISED.



FATHER RAT BLESSING THE YOUNG COUPLE.

of these useful articles; but Augustus was possessed of a lofty soul, which soared above trade. He took a theatre, and engaged a company; and in his first pantomime there was a cave of cruet-stands, and here it was that the Spirit of Mischief devised means of punishing givers of duplicate wedding presents and other evil-doers.

Augustus scored a success at once, for his ability was almost as great as his beauty and goodness. The great Prince Bacca Rat, of Rat-

MOTHER RAT LOOKING AT RESTORED JEWELS.

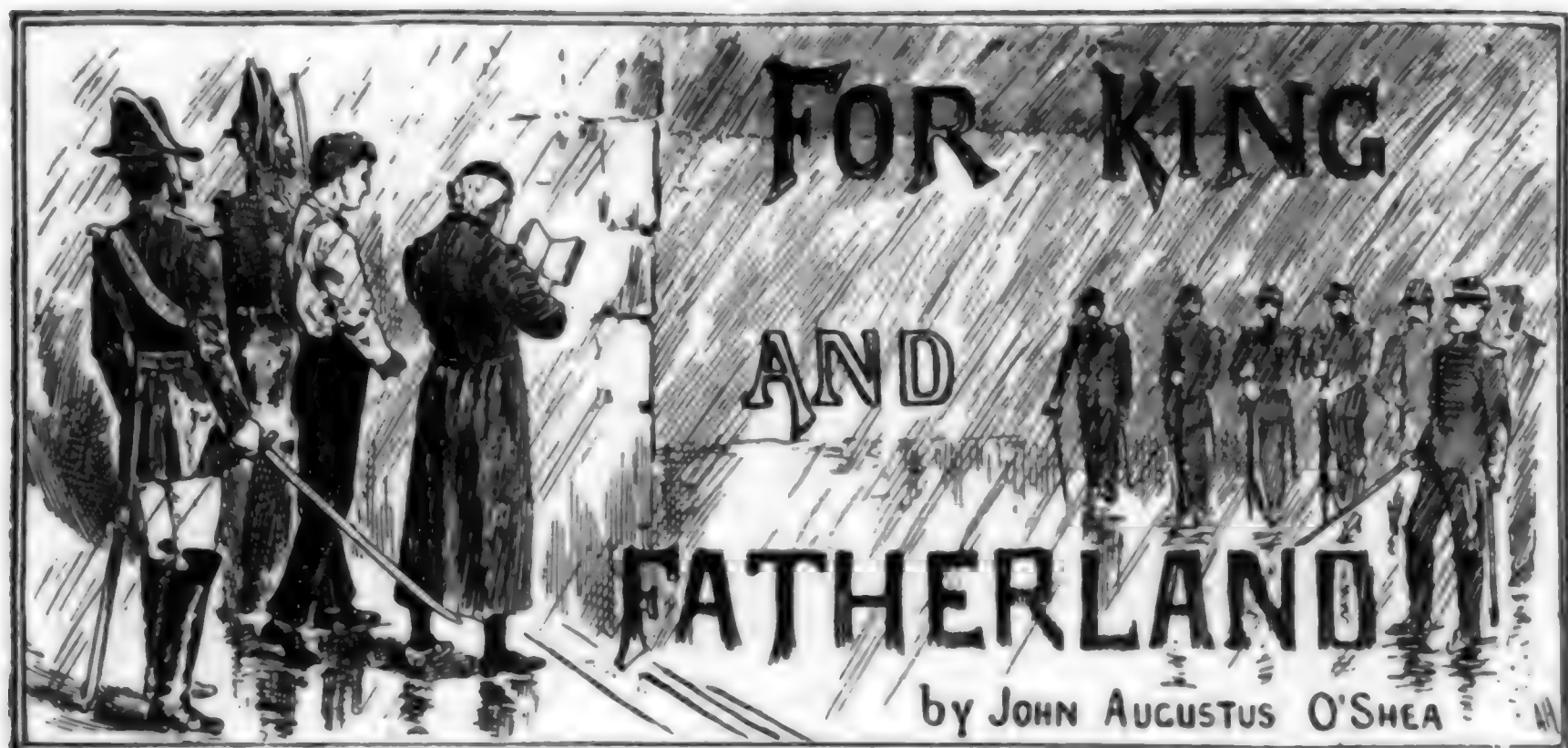
land, patronised the young husband, who soon became one of the greatest rats in the capital. He was knighted whilst sheriff; and when he was elected Lord Rat, the highest civic dignity in Ratland, he gave such a famous show that a title was bestowed upon him to be transmitted to his

descendants.

Still, success has not made Sir Augustus proud; and if he is asked what was the happiest moment of his life, he says it was on the night of his quest, when, having won the paternal blessing, he was left alone with Isabella on the prow of the house-boat to wish her good night.



LEFT ALONE WITH ISABELLA TO WISH HER "GOOD-NIGHT."



O'GOGGERDEAN OF THE "AVALANCHE."

“HERE you are, as nice a menagerie of Mother Carey's chickens of the Fourth Estate as a fellow could find under the sun, to-day,” said Mr. O'Goggerdean of the *Avalanche*, as he stood at the window of his room in the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, and gazed at a sprightly group, discussing their after-breakfast coffee and cigars at a table in the courtyard below.

“By the bones of Ossian, if a fairy-blast were to sweep ye all to the seventh heaven, wouldn't there be rejoicing among the great unknown in Fleet Street.”

Sooth to say, there was a rare collection of special artists and correspondents of the great London papers in Metz at the time: Woods, who had written such a brilliant narrative of the soldiers' fight at Inkerman; Simpson, another veteran of the Crimea, most graphic and fearless of knights of the pencil; Sydney Hall, son of a famous limner, and destined to greater fame himself; the scholarly Austin, who had rescued the remains of King Theodoros from desecration at Magdala; two of the genial

tribe of Mayhew; and, though last, not least conspicuous in his white vest and red tie, contrasting with his coal-black hair, Sala, King of Bohemia, brain (though some said G.A.S.) to the finger-tips.

“I think I'll go down,” resumed O'Goggerdean—he was intensely annoyed if you called him Mister, so that the customary prefix had better not be given him in print—a small man, full of ancestral pride and the milk of human kindness, loving excitement, and children, vain, boisterous, generous, and a good comrade.

“The top o' the morning to you, gentlemen,” said the representative of the *Avalanche*, as he approached the metal table painted white, where the *Dii Majores* of journalism were refreshing themselves. “Any news stirring?”

“The biggest item, I imagine,” said Athol Mayhew, “is, that Gog is at large. He usually makes his appearance, sandwiched between two of the tallest available gendarmes.”

“Mr. Mayhew, you shouldn't let that gorsoon of yours smoke such strong cigars. It depraves the intellect.”

“They say there will be a big battle to-morrow,” said Austin, “you'll be there, no doubt, O'Goggerdean?”

“A big battle, is it? No, not if I know it,” said the Hibernian, “I hate crowds.”

“And how will you describe it?” pursued Athol.

“By falling back on the quality you possess in abundance—imagination.”

Hardly had the Irishman taken a seat when a giant in cocked hat, aiguillettes,

buffalo-skin belts edged with yellow, huge boots, and trailing sabre, came up and said, reading from a scrap of paper, "Monsieur O'Gojjer-r-deah."

"Very good offer at it. *C'est moi, mon beau*, but I have no passport."

"*General Jarras veut bien vous voir, Monsieur.*"

"*Très bien, à votre disposition*;" and Gog swallowed his coffee at a gulp, looked with lugubrious comicality at his friends, and disappeared into the hotel. There was a roar of laughter at his departure.

"What's up now?" said Athol Mayhew, "another arrest, I'm thinking."

"I fear he'll drag us all into discredit," remarked Austin. "What can General Jarras want of him. If I mistake not, he's Deputy-chief of the Staff."

"Oh! there's no fear of Gog," said Woods, "he's a brute at tripping, but perfectly wonderful at pulling himself together."

The reason O'Goggerdean had no passport was simply because that document was already in possession of the staff, who were busy tracing the antecedents of the unlucky correspondent. They had got an idea into their heads, prompted and nourished by some of the contemptible and ignorant chauvinistic representatives of the French press, that the ingenuous Irishman was a most dangerous agent of the Prussian Intelligence Department. He was now brought before General Jarras to be handed back his passport, with apologies for the mistake which had been made regarding him, and an engagement that he would be subjected to no annoyance in future. He thanked the general for his kindness, and assured him that he felt no resentment at superior officers with brains—they had invariably treated him

with courtesy—and that he was sufficient of a man of the world not to put the blame of the officiousness of minor satellites without brains at their door-steps.

"And now, Monsieur O'Goggerdean, what do you think of our prospects?" said the general graciously.

"I think a lot, general; but what I think most is that I had better keep my thoughts to myself. The enemy is before the French army, which, by the way, is not as numerous as Frenchmen fancy, and I think a movement forward, to carry the war into Carthage, would be wiser than harrying unfortunates like me, who have their business to do, and who sympathise with the grand nation as much as it is possible for men who are unjustly badgered and bullied, suspected and taken into custody, to sympathise. Good morning, general, and Heaven send you safe through the storm."

O'Goggerdean had formed a resolution as soon as he had received his passport. That was to quit the Hôtel de l'Europe forthwith, and billet with his friend, Falecki, interpreter to Bourbaki, there to await what might arrive. There was no possibility of sending telegrams from Metz to



A GIANT IN COCKED HAT SAID MONSIEUR O'GOJJE-R-DEAH."

London; the French would let no correspondents to the front unless the Emperor achieved a signal victory and pushed into Germany. There was an unaccountable dilly-dallying at the Imperial head-quarters, and it began to grow on his mind that Metz might be locked some day soon, and that the chronicler of battle should be out of it to be enabled to transmit his story to his paper. The neutral territory of Luxemburg, which was close by, that was the most promising seat of journalistic operations for the present. He went to his bed-room and rang for a waiter. A slender, well set-up stripling of twenty-three, fair-haired, with a refined and indeed intellectual mould of feature, and mild blue eyes, answered to his call.

"Help me to pack up, I'm going to alter my diggings," he said.

"Sir, I am glad," said the waiter, "you are right. They will be capable of any mischief here in a few days more. They assaulted your friend General Duff, in Pont à-Mousson yesterday."

Some notion struck the Irishman as he remarked, the while he shrewdly watched the waiter's countenance, "They are mad, a parcel of overgrown school-boys, aye, nigh the whole boiling of them, civil and military. The civilians are bitten with a tarantula of what they call patriotism, and the militarys treat everybody else as a parcel of pekings—egad! that's the philology of that word 'pike,' as the red-coats call it."

While speaking, he regarded the waiter, who was folding his clothes and laying them neatly into his portmanteau. There was a smile upon his features as if he enjoyed the

Irishman's strictures on the French. O'Goggerdean did not approve of it. To him it was not allowable for a native to listen to reproof of his own countrymen, however justified: that was the privilege of the foreigner; the native's motto in every instance should be that of the American, Stephen Decatur, "Our country: May she always be right in her intercourse with foreign nations; but our country, right or wrong." He turned to the waiter abruptly and observed, "by the bye, what is your name? I've quite forgotten it, or faith, may be, I never asked you for it."

"Nicholas Schull."

"Schule" echoed the Irishman "why that's out of the chorus of an old ballad of the brigade '*shule, shule, shule aroon*,'" and he began humming:—

"I would I were on yonder hill,
'Tis there I'd sit and cry my fill,
And every tear would turn a mill."

Anyhow, I would I were out of this hot spot. How do you spell it, Nicholas?"

"S-c-h-u-l-l."

"That's Irish, too. Schull and Skibbereen were great places all out in the famine years. But I can't cotton to Nicholas. That's the same name as the devil has."

"The same as a saint has in Russia," said the waiter.

"True for you. Sure, I know his church in Bari, and many's the Russian goes there for devotion. Well, Nicholas, now that you've finished, will you oblige by locking that door from the inside, and stuffing the keyhole? I want to have a confidential talk with you."

There was a twitch of uneasiness in the muscles of the waiter's lips—they will tell truth, even when voice and eyes lie—as he complied.

"Show me your hand" continued the Irishman, "I'm a bit of a palmister."

A soft, white, delicate hand was extended. The correspondent took it in his own and examined it. "You're mighty civil," he said, "but mighty clumsy. You were not brought up to this waiting business, Nicholas?"

"No, sir."

"I was thinking as much. You've learned your English from Americans."

"It is so."

"You are not a Frenchman, Nicholas, you are German," and the Irishman looked at him steadily. "There's no use in denial. I know it."

"I am German, and I am proud of it."



THE WAITER WAS PACKING HIS PORTMANTEAU.

But how did you find out, sir?"

"Not by your French, which you speak better than most of the husky jabberers here, but by your English. There are peculiarities in the tongue of Shakespeare and O'Goggerdean which Teutons cannot get round. Your secret is safe with me. I am a neutral, a benevolent neutral; but we don't love informers where I come from. Is this done for gold?"

The waiter blushed fiery-scarlet, flung an open hand aside, as if scattering something, and said in a determined undertone, "we turned our gold into iron once, aye, our very wedding-rings, and for the same cause. There are Prussians who set King and Fatherland above all the gold in California."

"It's a desperate game you are playing, but it is no business of mine to denounce you. There are people who are paid for that, and if they knew their business, they would not have arrested me three times while the real Simon Pure is dancing attendance behind the tables of their marshals. Take a little friendly advice, Nicholas, my bold customer, and keep your weather eye open. If we don't love informers in my country, we hate spies. You can go, and let another waiter bring me the bill, and a pint bottle of sparkling moselle. I shall send round a porter for my traps in the evening."

Nicholas Schull gave a little sigh as he opened the door and left, and the Irishman fell a-musing in an audible voice as his habit was, "I'm half-sorry I spoke harshly to the fanatic. Sure he carries his life in his hands. His sort are necessary, I suppose. I know Colonel Wolseley holds that an English general should leave no stone unturned to get information. I heard him say that the prejudices against spies read prettily in a child's copy-book, but that the commander who does not cast them off had

better sheathe his sword at once. Honesty is the best of policy, after all," and here the correspondent laughed; "by the bones of Ossian, honesty and warfare don't run smoothly in double harness. What is warfare but a thing of stratagem, ambush, dodgery, getting the better of the enemy in every way you can? All's fair in love and war. No matter: I prefer Zeppelin's plan at Hagueneau, that was straightforward. Faith, it's a pity Winslow was killed at the very opening of the ball. The Almighty can't approve this blood-shedding, and yet if the French win, they will chaunt a *Te Deum* at Notre Dame, and if the Germans

are victorious, they will sing hosannas in that ugly Dom by the Exchange in Berlin. Men murder each other, and try to bring in the Almighty as an accessory. Troth, it's a queer world, O'Gog, but it has its pleasant moments, for lo! hither comes the sparkling."

In the hour of siesta, when there was comparative quietude in the city, and the thoroughfares were deserted because of the heat, O'Goggerdean slipped round to the Hotel Hogwash. His friend was not there, but he mounted to his room, threw himself on a couch, and sank into a profound sleep. It

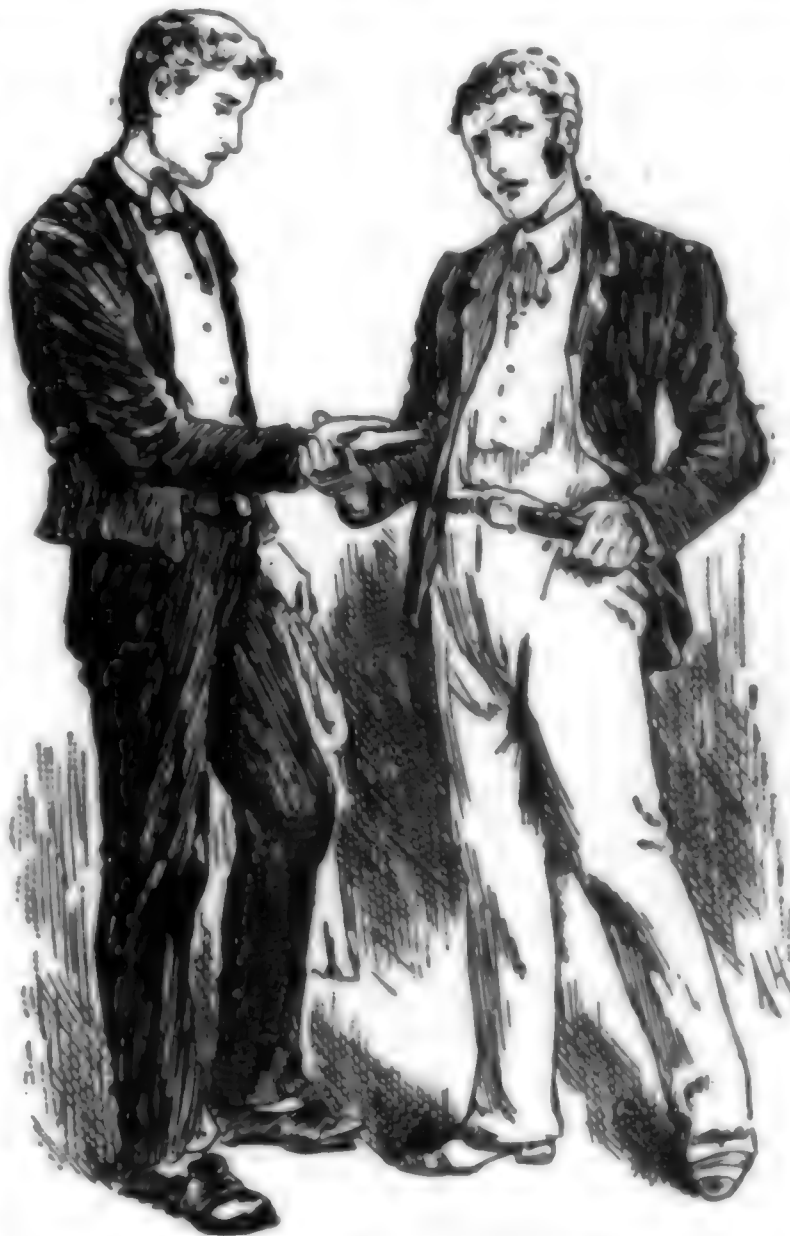
was night before he was roused by Falecki, who was excited and gloomy.

"I'm tired out, old man," said the Pole; "I've been on my legs all day, and now I have a night's journey before me. It has gone badly with us near Forbach, the Prussians are on a nose of the Speicher Hills, and the guards have been ordered to reinforce Frossard's corps. I go with Bourbaki."

The big battle which Austin conjectured was to come off on the morrow was actually being fought.

"Any news from MacMahon?"

"They say we've been beaten on the lines of Wissembourg, but that is for



"I'M A BIT OF A PALMIST."

your private ear. The campaign begins badly."

"First blood for Fritz. That does not sound well. I'm thinking, Fal, those requisitions in German you were telling me of may be utilized for pipe-lights or curl-papers."

They parted, and before the following night the Irishman had transferred himself to rocky Luxemburg, where the clatter of knives and forks was more familiar than the clash of arms, and the dismantled fortress of Vauban preached its homily. Even there, alarm had spread. Messages concerning the war were refused at the telegraph offices.

Forbach, as we know, was a defeat for the French, and it was followed by the reverses of Vionville and Gravelotte. Metz was environed. There must have been twenty thousand wounded in and around the city. The ambulance flag was flying everywhere. There was more work for waiters tending the sick than hurrying to the beck of revelers. Nicholas Schull left the hotel in the twilight of the evening of the 27th of August, with permission to

take a book he had promised a suffering comrade. He wended his path through the muddy, dripping streets, until he was close to some trees in the Chambièrè islet, and whistled. A tall figure emerged from the shadow, hissed "*pincé!*" and put a pistol to his temple. Another seized the book. Before he could dream of resistance, he was handcuffed and on his way to the citadel, where a court-martial had been hastily convened.

The book was a Complete Treatise on Farriery, and on the page where a chapter began on "wind-galls, bog-spavin, thorough pin and capped hock," there stood out in bold characters, when exposed to the fire, these sentences:—

"Be on the alert for a vigorous sortie by

the north-east. The effort will be serious this time. Bazaine leads in person. Lebœuf's corps may have the advance, and the guards will support."

They had been traced in lemon-juice, which leaves no mark when it dries, but becomes legible under the influence of heat. What more natural than that a peasant should have an innocent volume on horse-doctoring in his possession?

The court-martial wasted no time over forms. The guilt of the German was palpable. There was no defence. He admitted that he had carried on communications with his countrymen outside, and gloried in it. The action of the tribunal

was stern and summary. Schull was sentenced to be executed at dawn of the next day, in the moat of the citadel.

"Have you anything to ask?" said the presiding officer.

"I would like to see a Lutheran pastor."

"Granted. Anything else?"

"How am I to die?"

"By the soldier's death, although you don't deserve it. By right you should be strung up to a lamp-post."

"It is not the mode of death but the crime makes the disgrace," firmly retorted the prisoner; "fidelity to my people is no crime. Still I am glad that I shall die by the bullet, and I thank you. Who furnish the firing party, please?"

"The Provost-Marshal looks to that."

"I make a last request that I be shot by engineers."

"It shall be considered. Remove him."

He was led off to a casemate in the works, where he was to spend the interval before execution in the company and under the ward of a couple of gendarmes. They were not unkind. They proffered him cigars and writing materials, told him he was at liberty to demand whatever, in reason, he desired to eat or drink, and



THE CAMPAIGN BEGINS BADLY.

when the pastor, a gray-haired Alsatian, arrived, they with drew, unsolicited, to some distance, to permit the condemned to have private counsel with his spiritual adviser. The night sped quickly, Schull threw himself on a pallet for a few hours, but awoke of his own accord and engaged in prayer with the Alsatian clergyman, who had remained in the vaulted chamber. At the pink flush of morn he was summoned and came forth, attended by the pastor. Although it was raining, he was bare-headed and stripped to his shirt and trousers. He was exceedingly pale, but bore himself with a haughty courage. He was tendered brandy but courteously declined it, preferring a deep draught of water. It was but a short journey down a flight of zig-zag steps, and through a postern to the corner of the moat marked out as the place of death. A dozen of the engineer corps, under an officer and a sergeant, awaited him. The only others present were four brawny soldiers in slop-clothes, equipped with spades, standing at the edge of a shallow, freshly-dug pit, with a heap of white stuff beside the wet clay which had been shot from the open grave. The air was raw down in that hollow, dark-some ditch, and the thinly-clad man shuddered, either with the damp chill, or at sight of the ominous indentation in the soil. There was no noise of muffled drum; no parade; everything was dull, bare, bleak, as if to add to the depressing methodical calmness of the dreary scene.

"Place yourself here," said the officer, fixing him against the stone

outer facing of the rampart, about a dozen paces in front of the squad of execution.

"May I give the word of command?" asked Schull.

"Certainly not; there is no word of command at the end."

"At least, you will not bandage my eyes. You will give me the opportunity of meeting death squarely."

There was some hesitation before the officer answered—"Yes, if you think you can depend upon your nerves."

The German smiled thanks, and a faint ripple of redness gave momentary colour to his wan cheeks.

"It is the custom to make prisoners kneel, but I shall not ask you. That is all I can grant in the shape of favour. And now stand to attention, and—and—may God have mercy on your soul." And the officer repressing, with a hard effort, his inclination to break down, moved back to the firing party. He was tempted to clasp



A TALL FIGURE PUT A PISTOL TO HIS TEMPLE.

the hand of the condemned in a farewell grip, but he mastered the temptation. How could he, in the teeth of discipline and honour? Was not this man a hypocritical agent, plotting and acting against France? He was not sure that he had not vouchsafed him too great leniency already. He had his duty to perform. Duty was his lode-star.

And Schull, what sustained him? He was alone, but Germany was watching him, would learn of his death, and how he had met his doom. The pastor had promised him that. The reputation of his race was at stake. He must be brave. It was his duty. He stiffened himself, expanded his chest, lifted his left hand to his breast and clenched something tightly, holding it over the region of the heart.

The firing-party dropped the balled cartridges into their chassepots.

The fatal instant was near. Their next motion would be to raise the deadly tubes to their shoulders, and then? Ah! then, who knows? A swift, tearing pang as the soul is wrenched from body, when we are in full health, there must always be; loss of sight and sensation, cloud-chaos, night, everlasting night and oblivion, perhaps—peace it might be, pain peradventure. These thoughts flitted lightning-like through his brain. These and a thousand others in panorama of supernatural breadth, passing before him with the velocity of dream-visions. One look of reminder at the trembling pastor who was praying with his whole being. One steadfast, fearless gaze at the soldiers, whose rifles were levelled, and then, turning the mild, blue eyes skyward, towards the north—home lay that way—he raised his right hand and rang out clearly—"Für König und Vaterl—"

The phrase was cut short by a sudden, sharp report, a burst of smoke, and a focussed sleet of lead.

As he spoke the officer lowered his sword.

Nicholas Schull fell to his knees, then prone, quivered, and was still. A sergeant advanced to give him the *coup de grâce*—if necessary; but the officer waved him away. The fatigue-party told off as grave-diggers turned him on his back. His face was untouched, calm, without token of agony; the bullets had pierced his chest; the left hand still clutching something, fell stiffly by his side. The pastor approached and whispered to the officer that he had pledged himself to keep what was in the grasp of the dead, until he would have the opportunity of sending it to an address in Germany.

"A woman's portrait?" asked the officer. The pastor bowed.

The officer consented, and as he marched off his men, was perplexed by a new

problem of war—even those held to be the basest by chivalric soldiers can die bravely, and have those whom they love, and who, mayhap, love them, and will weep for them.

The ground was left to the four sappers in foraging caps and coarse cotton jackets and trousers, who stepped to the inanimate, rain-bedewed form so

lately breathing, pulsing, speaking, endowed with the soul that baffles humanity to define, that none but the Godhead can create, that raises its tenant immeasurably above all other creatures of earth.

"Is he to have no coffin, Michel?"

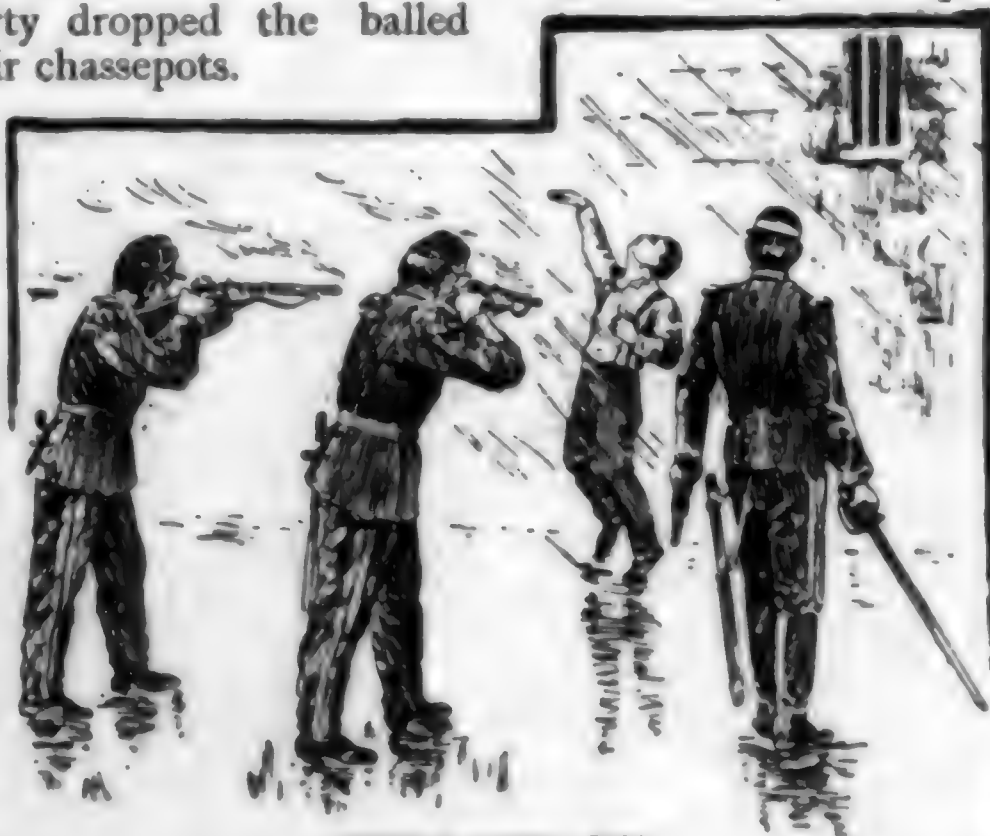
"No, we are to tumble him into the hole and cover him with the quick-lime."

"Hé! That's a fine, strong pair of shoes he has on."

"Rascal! You don't; they go with him."

"It's downright waste, but all the same you're right. 'Twouldn't be nice to step into the shoes of a spy."

"He's dead meat, but he's warm, poor devil," said the most compassionate of the men; "I don't care to trench him till he's colder. Suppose we have a smoke in the shelter while we're waiting."



NICHOLAS SCHULL FELL.

Forget you!

Nay, I could not if I
would.

Deep in my heart your
image lives enshrined
The balmy scents of
summer wander past.

I hear the leaves
soft rustling
in the wind.

Dear, must we say
good bye?

O! while
your hands
are closely
locked in
mine

I'll whisper that my
love is changeless,
true.

And that my heart enfolded in your own
Entrusts its secrets dearest one
to you.

Oh! must we say good bye?

Come near, and nearer, as the shadows fall,

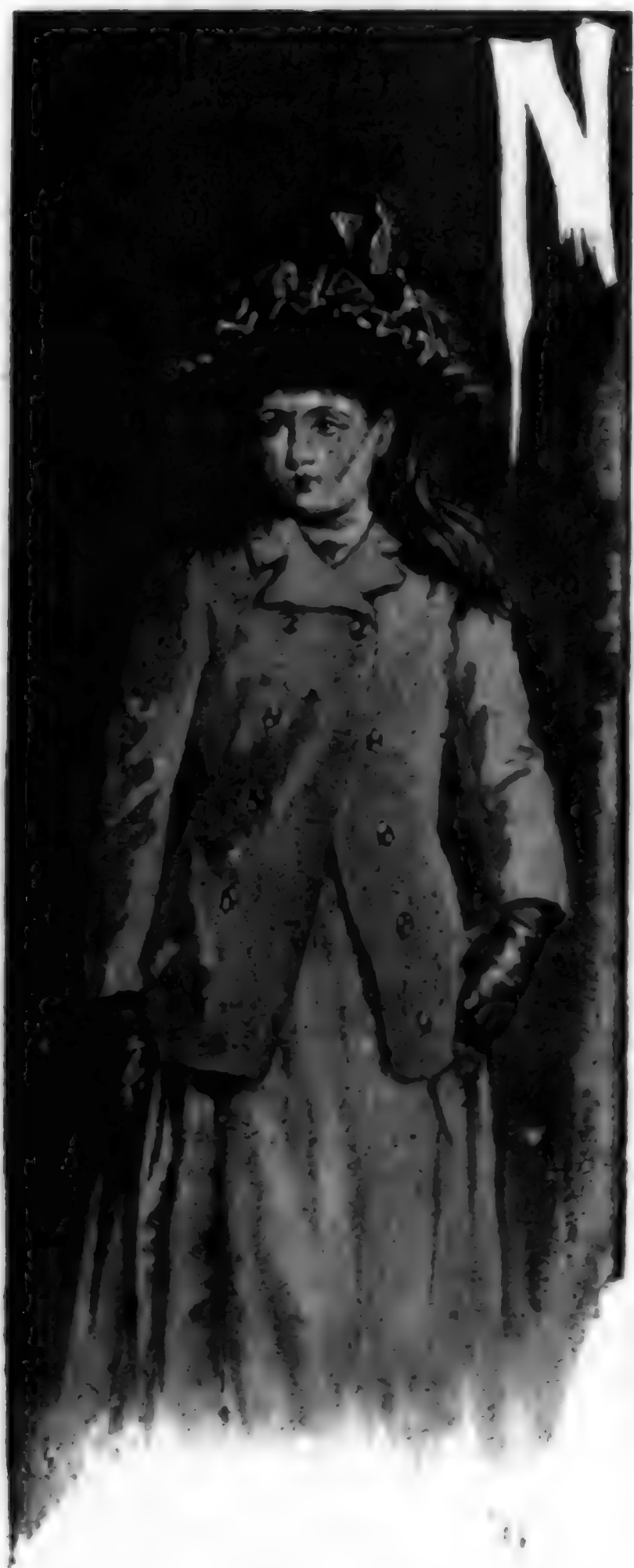
Pale stars gleam softly in the Summer sky,
Your heart is beating Love against my own,
We cannot say good bye.

Edith Prince-Snowden.



GERMAN HOME LIFE

BY PHILIP MAY



NOBODY who goes to the German Exhibition will be able to obtain much information there about the industrious citizen of the Fatherland. Alighting at Earl's Court station, you enter and see the old vine leaves of the Italian Exhibition, and a wall which may remind you of Rome, if your unwary eye is not caught by the too prominent advertisements; and then, after a while, you come to the Exhibition hall, which is little more than a vast bazaar. There is plenty of cheap jewellery, possibly manufactured in Birmingham; glass from Bohemia, and some fine specimens from Whitechapel can be bought at fancy prices; dolls *à la mode de Paris*, and Parisian novelties, abound; whilst lady supers, released from the pantomime stage, strut about in costumes which may have passed as French last year and as Italian the year before.

Strolling out into the grounds, we find a Schleswig-Holstein peasant's house, which, but for the windows, might serve very well for a Prussian barn; and there is also a model of the great tun of Heidelberg, which, if less pleasing in appearance than many in the Rathskeller at Bremen, is certainly the largest cask in the world. A genuine German band plays in the evening, the members of which have neither left their country for their country's good, nor to escape the conscription; and lager beer, the nectar of the German gods, may be quaffed by every thirsty soul; but the enquiring spirit can learn little or nothing about the home life of the Fatherland.

Yet how easily some particulars might have been given of two typical German subjects, such as Phillip von Hirschberg and Anna Klemm.

They were mentioned in print when they were very young, for all may read in the *Berliner Daily Sheet* of the first of July, 1866:



SOLDIERS.

"*In lieu of Private Information.*—I have the honour to announce that my dear wife, Rosamunde, *née* von Stumpfnaseschminke, having been blessed by the All-Highest, has presented me with a son of fine form and features and thoroughly sound.—P. von Hirschberg, Landowner of Wurstenfeld and Captain in the Landwehr."

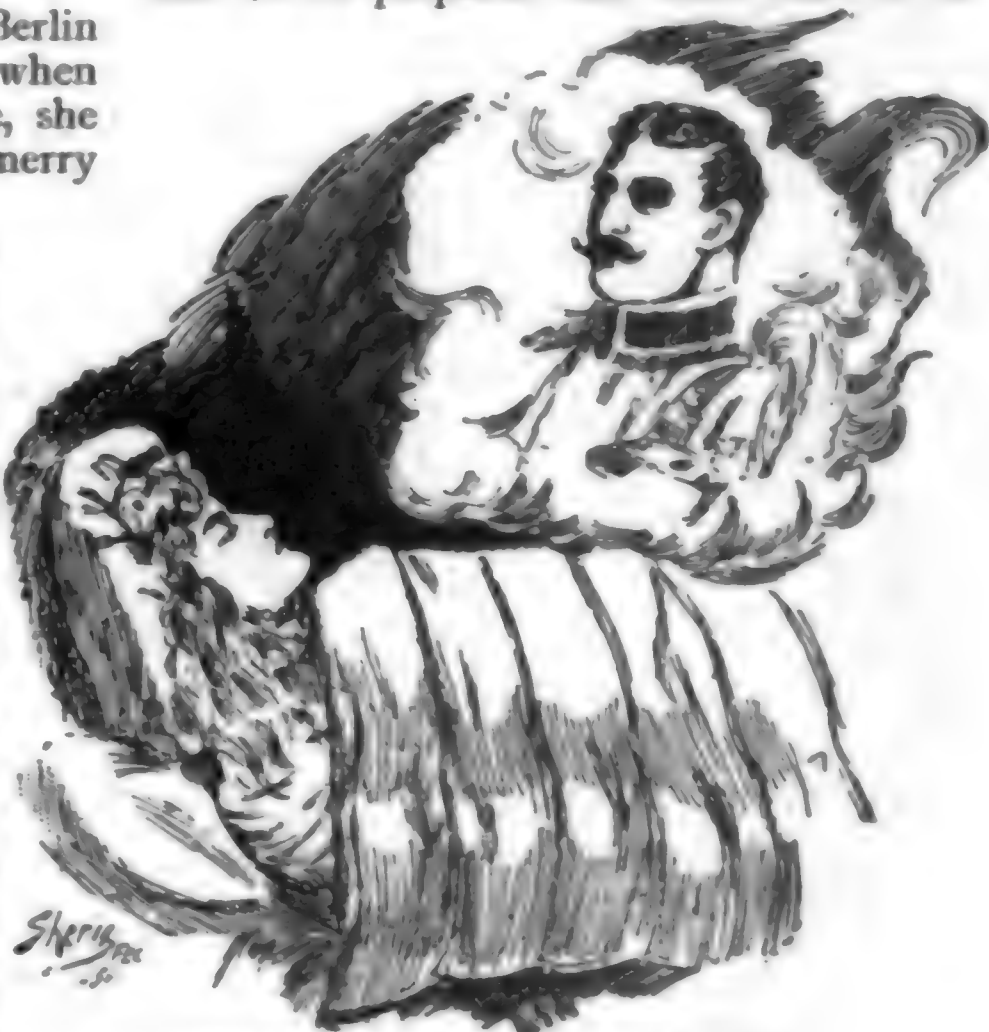
"A lovely little daughter has this day brought great joy to the happy master baker, Heinrich Klemm."

Anna was sent at an early age to a Berlin Kindergarten; and, though she wept when she started for school the first time, she had not been there long before a merry smile lighted up her face.

The mistress of her form gave her a flower; and then she gave another flower to the child who first said what Anna's flower was called. A whole nosegay was soon distributed in this way; and then the class played at being birds. "The little bird flies through the dark, green wood," sang the mistress; and the little ones sang, too, and waved their arms as if they were birds flying. Then they chirped, each kissed its mate, and some became nests into which others peered; and then they all fled in dismay when some cruel sportsman, armed with a wooden gun, disturbed them as they warbled, chirped and sang. After a short interval, they played at all sorts

of trades, and were tinkers, tailors, plough-boys, and sailors in turn; and then, for a longer time, they were soldiers in arms for the Fatherland. Even these children of tender years went through their drill with patriotic fervour; for when Anna was quite small, the "bogieman" of the Kindergarten dwelt on the other side of the Rhine. From the Kindergarten Anna passed to the elementary school, and thence to the middle school; and her seventeenth year she passed at the Victoria high school, where she was taught the French, English, and German languages, and literature, mathematics, singing, needle-work, and gymnastics.

Anna was never allowed to be idle at home. As a child she had often nursed her little brother Friedrich Wilhelm; and, on leaving school, she helped her mother in the kitchen and with the house work. Her hands prepared the coffee, which, with the milk-bread rolls, they had for the early breakfast at six o'clock in the morning; she cut the sandwiches of black bread and sausage, of which the lunch, at ten o'clock, consisted; she helped the general servant prepare the mid-day meal, and sometimes she boiled the beef a little while for soup, then roasted it as a joint, and garnished it with prunes; in the afternoon more coffee had to be prepared and more rolls to be



ANNA DREAMED OF ONE IN RUSSIAN UNIFORM.

served with it ; then, when her father had gone to the beer garden to play skittles or talk politics, her brother had to be assisted in preparing his home work, and there were stockings to be mended ; and when her father returned home, supper had to be ready, and for this meal she had to cut more sandwiches, either of black bread and blood sausage, or of white rolls and cold meat.

The worthy master baker was a successful man ; he had a large bakery, three retail shops, and many persons in his employment ; and, as he had been honoured upon one occasion with an order from royalty to supply the milk rolls for the officers at an autumn manœuvres, he was always called by those in his employment, Herr Hoflieferant (Mr. Court Provider).

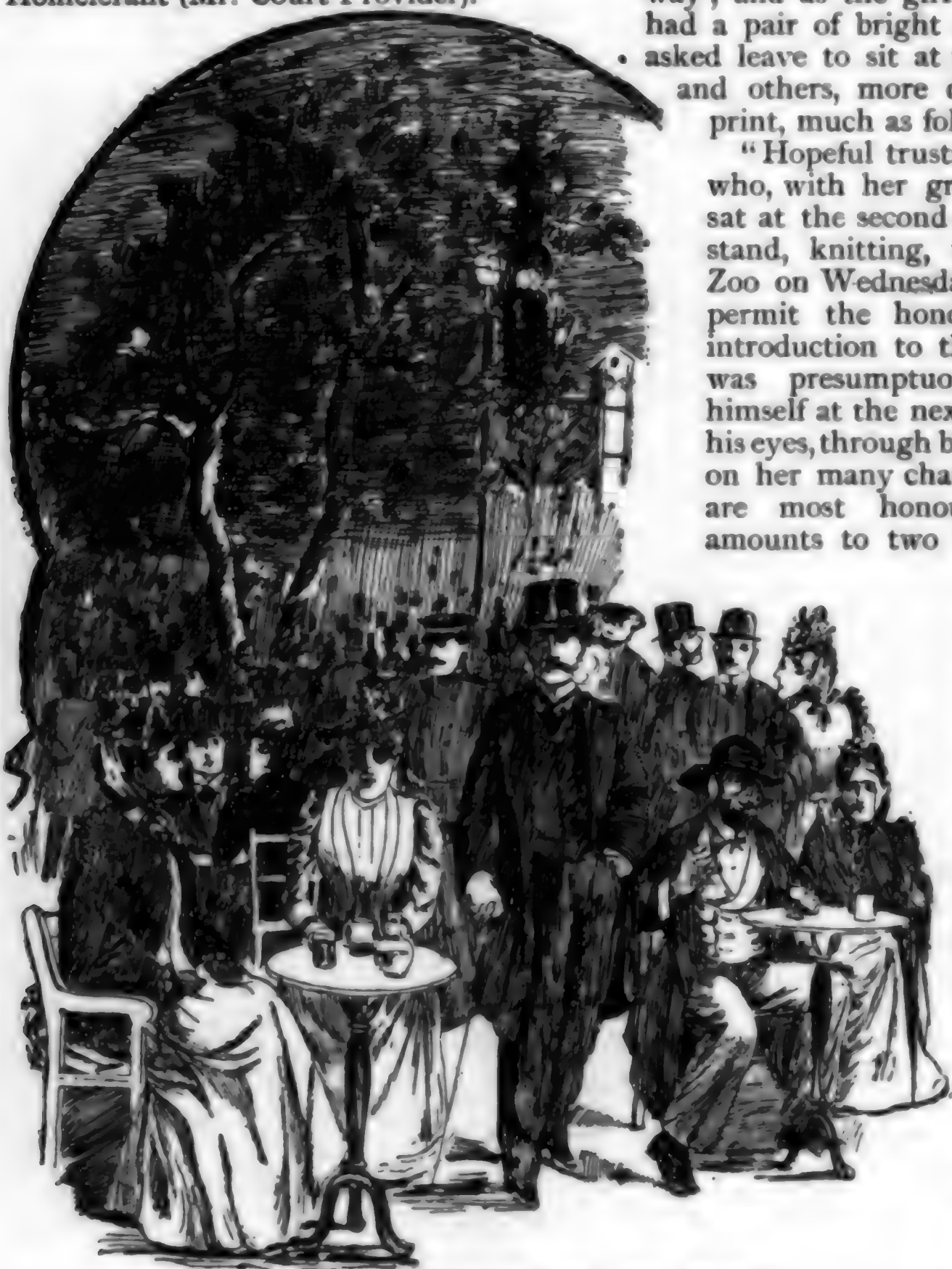
The gracious Frau Court Provider would occasionally take Anna to the Zoo, when her husband was unable to return home to supper ; a glass of beer would be ordered for each, and they would seat themselves at one of the many little tables ; and the daughter would knit, whilst the wary mother would keep her eyes open for a likely partner for her little dove. The maternal bird had made the acquaintance of the baker at a summer garden theatre ; he had asked permission to introduce himself, and this favour had been graciously accorded by the grandmother of the little dove ; and the union which resulted from this introduction had been a most happy one for both parties.

Mamma hoped that Mr. Right would present himself to her Anna in a similar way ; and as the girl was very pretty, and had a pair of bright eyes, many came and asked leave to sit at the table of the fair ; and others, more diffident, rushed into print, much as follows :

"Hopeful trusts that the fair maid, who, with her gracious lady mamma, sat at the second table from the bandstand, knitting, will again visit the Zoo on Wednesday evening next, and permit the honour of an informal introduction to the young man who was presumptuous enough to seat himself at the next table, and to feast his eyes, through blue glassed spectacles, on her many charms. His intentions are most honourable, his income amounts to two thousand shillings a

year from the permanent position of of Chief Office Clerk in a superior brewery, and his heart is a void with plenty of room for a little bird to nestle in. If permission is accorded, will the gracious mother and charming daughter possess themselves of the same seats at an early hour?"

Anna had to submit to the wishes of her mother, and would listen to the conversation of her new acquaintances ; but she would never



FRAU KIEMM WOULD OCCASIONALLY TAKE ANNA TO THE ZOO.

allow any one of her many admirers to pay for her beer, which is amongst the Berliners the generally accepted sign that the payer may in future provide for all the fair beer-drinker's wants.

Anna's heart was wide open for the military in general, though it had never expanded for any officer in particular. She knew that it was almost hopeless for her to wait for an officer to come and be conquered; but at night she dreamed of some one wearing a hussar uniform, and by day she devoted some of her time to trying to tempt her brother Fritz to adopt a military career. She knew how difficult it was for a tradesman's son to obtain a commission, but she was young, and whilst youth lasts, hope will never die.

Meanwhile the education of little Phillip had been commenced at home, and great care was taken of him, as he was an only son; but he did not pay any very great attention to his studies, and, when he reached the age of sixteen, his fond parents became very anxious as to whether he would be able to pass the examination to exempt him from service in the army for three years as a common soldier. However, to escape this degradation, he worked a little harder, and duly qualified as a "one year volunteer," by showing some little acquaintance with Latin, French, English, mathematics, history, and geography. As a volunteer he entered the army when he was seventeen, his father paying for his uniform and for his board and lodging, whilst the paternal government of the Fatherland afforded him military instruction. At first, the young gentleman did not enjoy his lot, but when he had been in Berlin a little while, and had seen how all the fair of noble birth reserved their favours for the officers, he began to long for the honours and pleasures of a military career. His father then induced the colonel to nominate him as a candidate for a commission,

and he served for six months as a private, enjoying, however, some of the privileges of an officer; and at the end of that time, thanks to his "coach," he passed the examination which opens the doors of a war school to the successful candidate. There he stayed a year, passed another examination, and then returned to his regiment, qualified for a commission. Directly a vacancy occurred, Phillip's name was submitted to the officers of the regiment, each of whom was bound, by the military code of honour, to declare the fact if he knew of any just cause or impediment why Phillip von Hirschberg should not be admitted as a member of the military aristocracy of the Fatherland; and as nothing was alleged against him, he was duly appointed a second lieutenant.

Anna's brother, Friedrich Wilhelm, served as a one-year volunteer in the company to which Phillip von Hirschberg was attached; for though Anna had fully aroused her brother's military ardour, he had been unable to obtain a nomination as a candidate. He had done well at school, and had passed the examination which is accepted in the stead of either the university matriculation or the officer's first examination; but, owing to his father's connection with trade, he was unable to find any colonel willing to nominate him.

Perhaps this failure to obtain a commission

made young Klemm altogether dissatisfied with his military duties; and upon one occasion he would certainly have been sentenced to three days' imprisonment for appearing on parade with a button off his uniform, if it had not been for the kindness of Lieutenant von Hirschberg.

One afternoon Anna was with her brother in Friedrich-strasse, when they met the young officer; and the girl, who had heard of the lieutenant more than once, was so much pleased with his personal appearance, that whenever afterwards she dreamed of



ANNA KLEMM.

an officer, the form, features, and uniform of the conquering hero were always his.

The Court-provider had made his fortune; and, though he was not ambitious for himself, he entertained very ambitious hopes for the future of his two children. He had been greatly shocked when he learned that his Fritz was not deemed fit company for officers and gentlemen; and soon after he

plan of campaign, now began some autumn military manœuvres upon her own account. Like the late Field-Marshal von Moltke, she had general and special ideas, which she promulgated one night in bed, to the following effect:—

"General Idea.—The uniform, heart, and hand of the lieutenant, when he comes down to bid a last adieu to his paternal acres, is to be attacked."

"Special Ideas.—Materfamilias, having lured the enemy within range of Anna's artillery, Paterfamilias shall endeavour to cut off his retreat, whilst Anna keeps up a continuous fire. Should the enemy retire, having suffered a severe loss, Paterfamilias is to try the effect of diplomacy, and shall seek the assistance of Captain von Hirschberg."

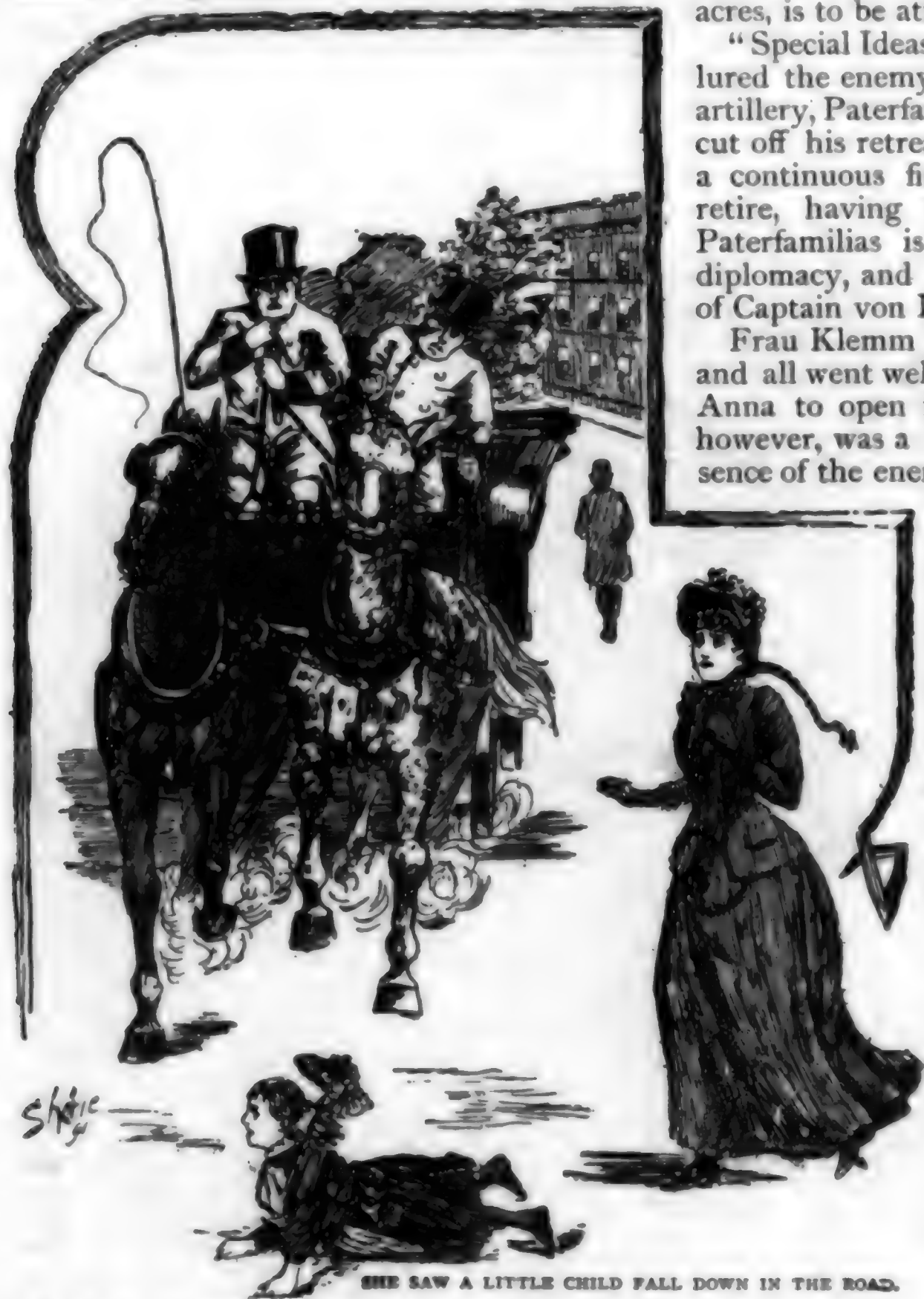
Frau Klemm prepared for the combat; and all went well until the time came for Anna to open fire. The little maiden, however, was a coward; and in the presence of the enemy she sat with downcast

eyes, and played with her fingers and thumbs. The enemy, who was to have been defeated, remained a conqueror; for though Frau Klemm brought up her cavalry, the charge she made, though brilliant as that of the Six Hundred, was of but little avail.

Diplomacy was tried, and Frau Klemm and Frau von Hirschberg became allies; but Phillip's heart, which had perhaps been slightly wounded in the preliminary skirmish, capitulated before there was time for the Klemm allies to lay a regular siege.

Now a German officer enjoys several

social privileges; but there are many things which he may not do. *Noblesse oblige*. He may not carry a parcel, however small, even to oblige a lady. Though it rains cats and dogs, he must not use an umbrella; and when the thermometer registers 100 in the shade, no green gingham may shade his beauty from the burning sun. These are trifles, however, compared with the fact that he may not



SHE SAW A LITTLE CHILD FALL DOWN IN THE ROAD.

had failed to induce any colonel to nominate his son as a candidate for a commission, he turned his business into a limited liability company, and then purchased a landed estate at Wurstenfeld, which is within an easy journey from Berlin.

The vendor was Captain von Hirschberg, the father of the lieutenant, who had lost money by several unfortunate speculations; and Anna's mother, who had given up her

marry without the consent of his regimental mess.

Lieutenant von Hirschberg notified to his brother-officers that he was about to become engaged to Fraulein Klemm; but these gentlemen, after long deliberation, informed the lieutenant that they were grieved to hear of the serious step which he was thinking of taking, and trusted that he would think better of the matter, as the ladies of the garrison would be unable to receive a bride so contaminated by trade, as the no doubt very worthy and good young lady, Anna Klemm.

The course of true love never did run smooth. Without resigning his commission and obtaining the consent of his father, the lieutenant could not marry Anna Klemm; and Captain von Hirschberg threatened that, if Phillip left the army, he would disown and disinherit him. As his father was only possessed of a few debts, the disinheritance was a matter of small importance; but in Germany, where adoption by one of noble birth will even give the mighty prefix "von" to the adopted, the disowned son is seldom admitted into decent society.

Phillip von Hirschberg remained in the army; but he was determined to send in his resignation directly he was of an age to marry without the paternal consent.

Herr Klemm and his spouse did not wish to let their daughter wed a disowned son, and they prevented any correspondence between the young couple.

Anna was broken-hearted. She wandered about her father's estate, until the local doctor became quite anxious about her, and when her parents took her to Berlin for a little relaxation, the only enjoyment she had was walking Unter den Linden, and vainly hoping to see the one she loved.

Her life, it seemed to her, had ceased to be worth the pain of living.

One afternoon, when she was making her last promenade with her mother, prior to returning to her father's estate, she saw a little child fall down in the road, just when a carriage was coming along at a great speed. Well aware of the danger, she ran and picked up the child. The horses were upon her, but even then she was able to place the child out of harm's way. As to herself, it was too late, and it mattered not. A hurried prayer, a blow, and she knew no more.

The carriage contained the Empress Victoria (the Princess Royal of England), and the girl was well cared for. Anna Klemm's heroism became a theme for the

Berlin leader writers, who, under strict press laws, being debarred from many subjects, make the most of heroes and heroines. The girl's whole history was made known far and wide; the Empress herself pinned on to the single robe, which the girl wore at the hospital, a grand cross; the officers reconsidered their decision, at the request of the Emperor; and directly Anna's broken arm was well enough to permit of the ceremony, the young lovers were betrothed.

For three weeks the names of the betrothed were displayed in the Rathhaus; and two days before the wedding Anna's father gave a grand party at which not only wedding presents, but the furniture and linen for the abode of the young couple was displayed; and before the guests separated, a great deal of cheap crockery was smashed in order to ensure good luck to the young couple. After one day of rest and preparation the betrothed pair proceeded to the Rathhaus where a magistrate did all that was necessary to make them legally man and wife; but after this civil contract had been signed, sealed and delivered, they repaired for a while to the house of God, there to receive the blessing of the church.



THE YOUNG LOVERS WERE BETROTHED.

"Ludgate" Gavotte.

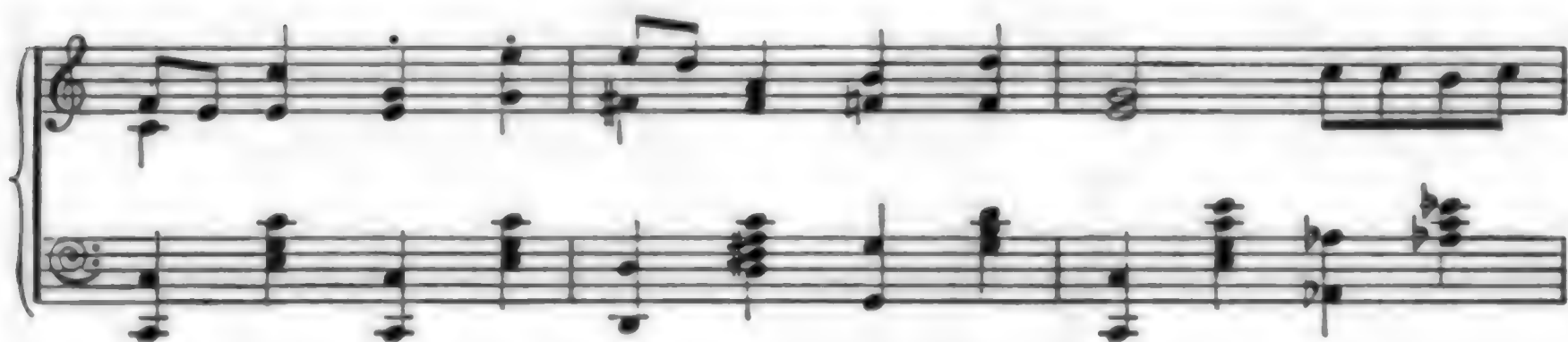
COMPOSED BY H. PERCY RICHARDSON.

Op. 19.

Slow, and marked time.

PIANO.

p Staccato.



*Repeat ff with
R.H. 8va. higher.*



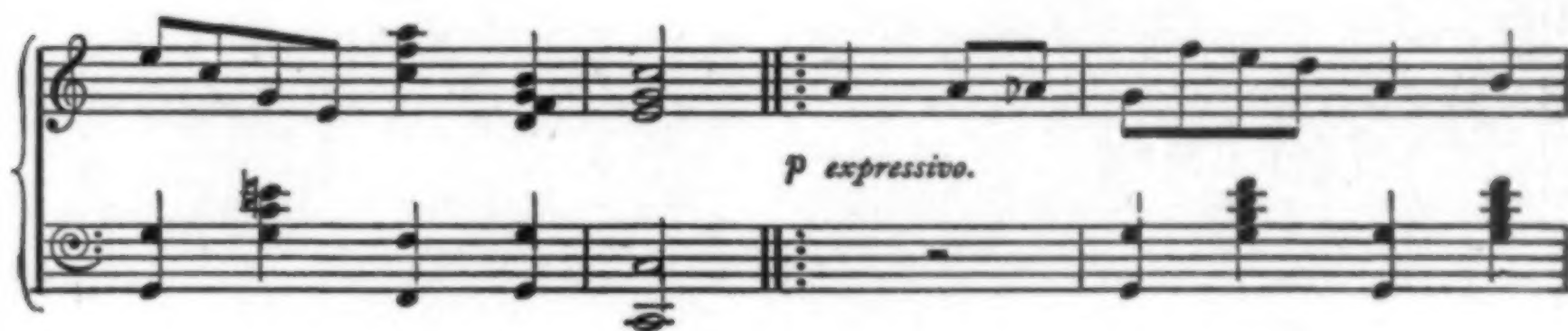
"LUDGATE" GAVOTTE.

319

2nd time R.H. 8va.



pp staccato.



p espressivo.





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